

Measure 2015-2016

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Printer:

Faulstich Printing Company

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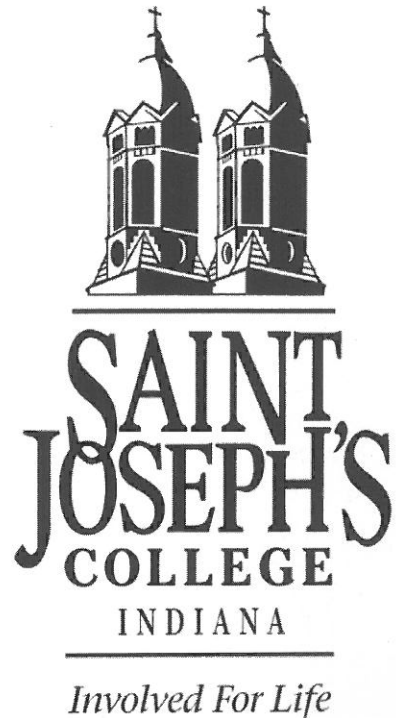


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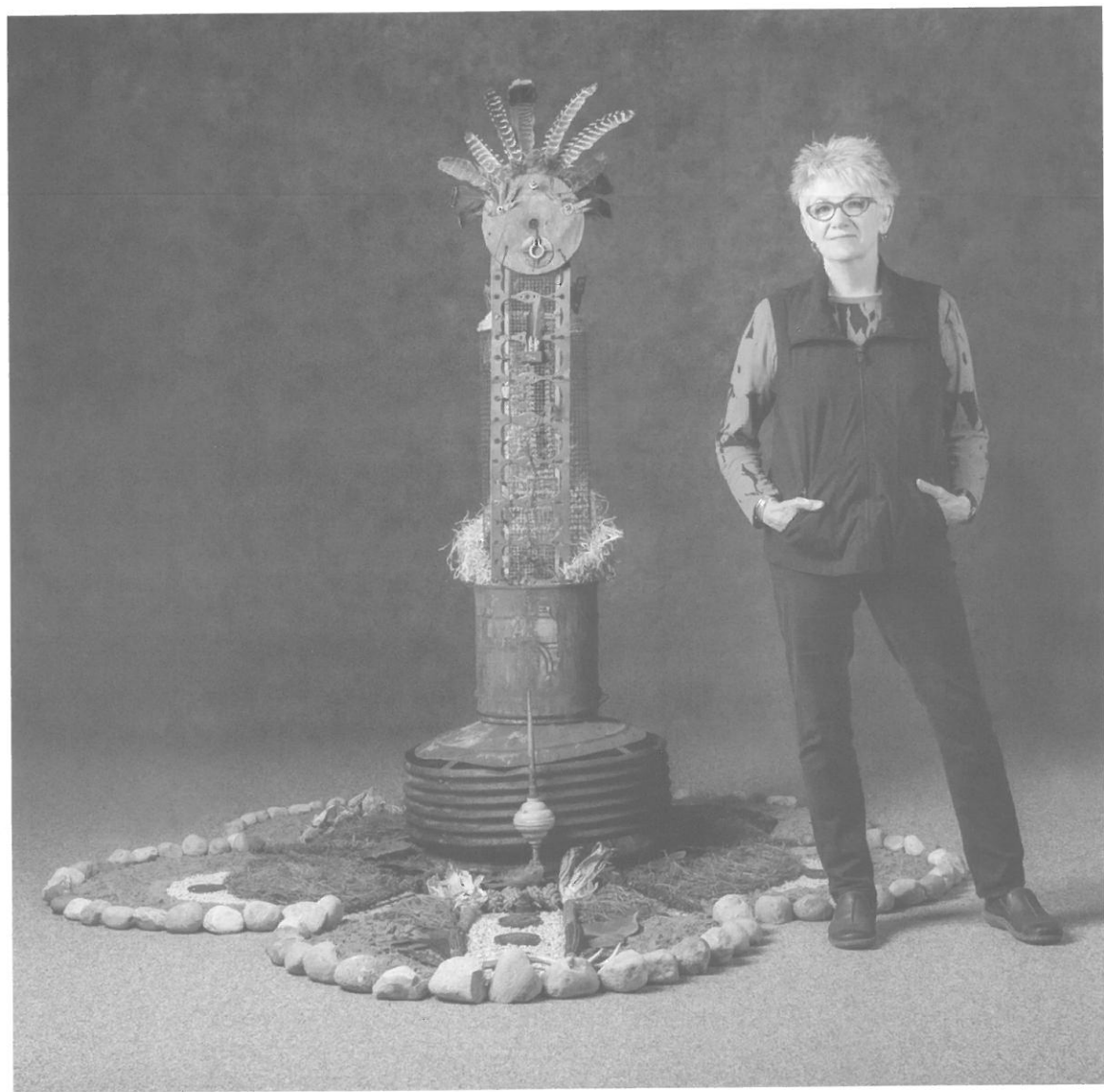
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Bonnie Zimmer, *Farm Goddess Totem*



Art Professor Bonnie Zimmer has been a great friend to Measure over the years, working closely with the student editors to ensure that the visual art of the campus is well represented in the publication. And so this year's editorial staff thought it fitting to give Professor Zimmer a tribute upon the occasion of her retirement this year. Please also see Professor Zimmer's art throughout the magazine.

Thank you for all that you've done for us, Professor Zimmer!

Living Art, Sparking Joy: A Tribute to Bonnie Zimmer

Written by Maia Hawthorne, Associate Professor of English and Faculty Adviser for Measure

Anyone who has met Bonnie Zimmer, Associate Professor of Art and Chair of the Art Department at Saint Joseph's College, knows what SJC Photography Instructor Brienne Hooker '03 is talking about when she says "You may never meet someone with more drive or spunk in your life."

Zimmer's energy and enthusiasm for art and for her students has benefitted SJC since 1980, when Zimmer became an adjunct instructor. In 1999, Saint Joe hired Zimmer full time, and by 2002, she had developed the College's various art courses into a full program with a major program of study. The many community partnerships Zimmer was engaged in during these years earned her both a regional Arts Leadership Award and a College Community Service Award. Also during this time, Zimmer managed to keep developing her own art, exhibiting nationally, and winning awards of "merit," "honor," and "distinction" for her art.

SJC Professor Emeritus John Groppe, who has worked closely with Zimmer over the years not only at the College, but also in regional arts organizations, says that it was Zimmer's personal attributes that made the launch of the art major possible. "I had many opportunities to experience her creativity, her enthusiasm for art and art students of all ages, her ease in working with people, her ability to keep many different activities going

successfully at the same time, her passion to develop her own art and to keep learning, and her unbounded energy. All of those characteristics were essential to the success of the launch of the art major at the College.” He explains that the art department had a history of carrying out its responsibilities with a number of part-time instructors, but that Zimmer made it function “like a fully staffed department.” “Bonnie’s energy, enthusiasm, and creativity are multipliers,” he says, multipliers that could have caused onlookers to imagine that “the Saint Joseph’s College Art Department had two times or more the number of full time faculty than it actually had.”

Zimmer brought more than just energy and enthusiasm to the College; she also brought a great deal of teaching experience. Before she was hired full time, she had taught art in public school for 25 years and at every level—first through twelfth grade—winning a number of teaching awards in the process, including Indiana Art Educator of the Year and Western Region Art Educator of the Year. That teaching history gave Zimmer a deep well of experiences to draw upon, both to teach art and to shepherd others into the discipline of teaching.

One person who knows this side of Zimmer well is Katie (Vanderkolk) Craney ‘10. “I don’t know what kind of teacher I would be without her influence,” Craney says. “Bonnie taught me about countless artists and resources for me to integrate into my career.” These resources include membership in an arts association that hosts an annual convention, where Craney and Zimmer meet each year. And more recently, they include the Lilly Teacher Creativity Grant, which Zimmer encouraged Craney to pursue. This is a grant that Zimmer received in 1995 to study contemporary Northwest Coast Native American artists of Ketchikan, Alaska. Craney was recently awarded the grant for a month-long trip to France. She calls that trip a “once-in-a-lifetime” experience. “I have so much to thank Bonnie Zimmer for!” she says.

That sense of being ushered into the profession by Zimmer is also a part of the experiences of Keilia (Kettmann) Holdefer ‘12 and Sara Clark ‘06. Holdefer says that Zimmer treated her “like a colleague” during an internship, and that Zimmer’s care and attention was “one of the reasons I stayed at Saint Joe.” “She made me feel so at home there, and anytime I needed something, she was around. I don’t think I would be the

person I am today without Bonnie's drive to help me find success." Clark felt Zimmer's care and attention from the earliest moments of her contact with the College: "Bonnie was the reason I came to Saint Joe," she says. "She had lunch with my parents and me when we did the campus tour my senior year of high school. I knew I wanted to learn from her."

By all accounts, learning from Zimmer tends to happen not just inside of, but also beyond the classroom. Art minor Mo Goeddeke '93 talks about this aspect of studying art with Zimmer. "She took our class on field trips to her studio, where she included her mom [herself a renowned Indiana artist] in our experience. Her mom also came to our final 'exam' on campus. How cool and special is that!" Goeddeke calls Zimmer "accessible and down to earth" and says that she supported Goeddeke with professional advice years beyond her graduation.

In fostering students to be the best artists and people they can be, Kathleen Schonsheck '10 calls Zimmer "a wonderful example of how to gently and patiently guide others toward their goals." Mo Goeddeke and her classmate DeLea (Johnson) Kears '93 remember Zimmer nurturing them in the classroom. Goeddeke calls Zimmer "supportive and encouraging," and Kears remembers Zimmer "allowing me to find my way with clay." Alexi Fields '16 adds, "Bonnie has a way of mentoring you without you realizing it. When she first asked me to be president of the Art Club, I declined because I didn't think I had any leadership skills. She insisted, and I'm glad she did. Over the last three years, she has nurtured my self-confidence and encouraged me to push myself." Michael Crowthers '09, sums up Zimmer's method of fostering artists at Saint Joe this way: "Bonnie has a way of fueling your creativity, and pushing you to extend your own potential. Afterward, I realized that so many of her lessons applied outside of the classroom too." Crowthers applied those lessons after graduation to become Curator of Collections, Exhibitions, and Education at The Art Museum of Greater Lafayette.

Through all of this work with students, all of these years of teaching, Zimmer remained a committed artist. When I asked Zimmer to tell me about a favorite Saint Joe moment, she told me about a time when her life as an artist and her life as a teacher "intersected in an especially meaningful way." It was 2007. Zimmer was awarded an

Indiana Arts Commission Individual Artist Grant to create a public sculpture for the ARTSPARK at the Indianapolis Arts Center. “The grant dollars were limited, so I invited artist friends and some of my SJC art students—Tom Sawyer style—to come to my home and weave the orbs for the project. Together, we created over 90 orbs of various sizes.” Zimmer then spent a week in residence at the Indianapolis Arts Center, installing the orbs in the sculpture park. “SJC Art students traveled to Indianapolis all five days, assisting with cutting truckloads of willows, helping to weave a giant orb the size of a Volkswagen Bug, installing them in the trees, bushes, and grounds throughout the park.” “I can still remember Andy McKim, Scott Kerlin, and Ryan Preston perched on huge ladders to install our giant orb about 15 feet off the ground between two tall trees as the focal point of the installation,” she says. “We had SO much fun working together to create a major art project!”

Zimmer does instinctively what organizing consultant and author Marie Kondo recommends: she surrounds herself with what “sparks joy.” You can see this in her studio and her office, adorned with prints, textiles, sculpture. You can see this on her person, arrayed in tie-dye, hand-crafted jewelry, bright red glasses. But this manner of engaging life isn’t just a matter of surface appearance. Students talk about Zimmer’s giving beyond the classroom because what she does—sharing her love of art—has never been limited to the work day, has always been a calling. We at Saint Joseph’s College have been grateful to have been the beneficiaries of that calling. Professor Zimmer, we wish you a joyful retirement filled with beauty!



From the Left: Doris Myers, DeLea Johnson, Mo Goeddeke, Rob Downen, Zimmer 1993

Bonnie

Charley Kerlin

When you think you've tracked her down,
She's gone before you get there.
She a whirling dervish, a tilt-a-whirl, a roller coaster,
And your ticket for a ride with her is always taken (too bad!)
After the ride leaves.
Never mind. Catch her at her next stop,
But you're too late there as well.
She and Bill get up before you've had your REM sleep.
They're both short on time for the next ride.
She only slows down to cook and to feed her family,
And anyone else who stops by when she's stirring up the best salads
You've ever had or a pot of spaghetti or Bill's got the grill on.
She'll also slow down for a glass of red or a Maker's Mark and coke,
But watch out, both will put her to sleep, firing her up for the next day.
Her students adore her and are in total awe of her energy.
They have a permanent ticket to ride with her,
If they can slow her down enough to hear her out about their work.
She loves them.
She loves Bill and her family, she loves her friends to come around,
And she loves her art, even the basket she made for me that I display upside down.
So get your ticket. Go somewhere you've heard she'll be, and get ready for the ride.

The Runners

Hannah Wallace

“why do you do it?” they asked. “how do you do it?”

they never answered with words. they couldn’t answer with words; they could only answer with the action of “it” that no one understood and everyone questioned. they answered with the thousands of miles they have endured for the last six to ten years. they answered on the days the sun scorched its highest temperature and the skies released its fiercest winds. they could never give an answer to one who has not done it—the only way you understood is if you were crazy enough to do it.

and they are indeed the crazy ones.
they are the runners.

and once you’re in . . .
there is no way out.

fear them—because they have an endurance you have never experienced and a pain tolerance that you have not reached. they are in forests and cities and rain and ice and heat and wind and they do not stop.

and they cannot tell you why. they cannot tell each other, but they do not have to. for there is something unknown that connects the minds of those who run for miles at a time—there is an inexplicable bond they share that is understood so deeply and that is etched into their bones within each step that it becomes an understanding that has never been spoken.

and they are the runners. they have mastered the trick that is played on the mind when you're in it—a spell that can so easily be reversed when the body overcomes the mind and the pain sets in and there is no turning point and there is no stopping because you cannot stop until you have crossed the finish. and they do not stop, they never stop. it is a game so easily lost when the mind shuts down—but that is the key; that is why no matter the pain, they never lose. they never lose the race. the mind must never shut down, for anything is possible if it is believed enough.

and that is why.

that is why they are the runners.

Dedicated to my team and my coach; thank you for making this experience more possible and life-changing than I ever imagined.

Untitled

Sam Hoyt

I saw you through the fog today,
A shimmering figure, an image in black,
A mirage in the city where once we held hands.
You looked at me and I at you.
And for an instant I saw the spark in the sadness.
And then you were gone,
Taking my innocence with you as you did before
In sunny days long since past.
And now it is cold.
The seasons change, move from summer romance to autumn quarrels,
To winter heartbreak and springtime mourning.
But now summer holds no end to my grief
As the thought of your young yet ancient eyes brings tears to mine.
And all I know is that years stretch out before me—
So many, so empty, so long to regret.
They see my youthful face and tell me that I cannot know love,
That I have not lived enough to know pain.
Yet I know, and your shadow knew it too.
It is not our years that age us, but the agony they hold.
And our years hold the agonies of a lifetime.

Sarah Beetz, *Path to Happiness* 16" x 24"



Time's Arrow has a Poison Tip

Mark Seely

Occasionally, it happens like this, but rarely this bad. I sat there in a state of suspended animation staring blankly at her face. It was a simple yes-or-no question, answerable with a barely perceptible head twist or the merest nod, but I remained frozen as if my neck was wrapped in an oversized foam and Velcro whiplash support collar from the 1970s. The duration of each passing second was an exponential function of the previous. I could feel the air around me ossify—I was a cretaceous insect encased in the sticky proto-amber sap of my own indecisiveness. The question had a clearly good and a clearly bad answer. The options were in no way equivalent, and in the unforgiving light of sober hindsight, the choice I had already made would clearly be the wrong one.

An unanticipated event in the garden that afternoon had me wrestling with what philosophers call counterfactuals, contemplating the impossibility of the very idea of something counter to fact, ruminating over the psychological impact of nonoccurrence, mapping the ways that “what might have been” insinuates—rudely intrudes—into “what is now” and leaves a hollow helpless space in its wake, a strange kind of absence: a positive emptiness where there was originally nothing at all. And here, as I gazed mutely into the waitress’s increasingly impatient face, I seemed to be perched at the very fulcrum, teetering between two entirely different future worlds, the factual and the counterfactual, where one brief gesture would irrevocably solidify an unknowable chain of events and simultaneously obliterate an entire universe of possibility. Open Schrödinger’s door and the cat will be either dead or alive, but at this particular moment it shimmered in a mirage-like both and between.

Of course each moment is like this. Every choice we make, even the most trivial, drains an infinite sea of future potential. Some moments stand out as clear choice points. Important decisions about marriage or divorce or employment or college major carry weight precisely because we recognize there are incommensurate futures at stake. But each breath has this quality, although it is extremely rare that we have even the slightest inkling of what might have been and almost was. One day twenty years ago, I chose to make waffles for breakfast in the middle of the week. I’m not sure why. I’m not even a

big fan of waffles. The extra preparation time made me about five minutes late getting out of the house for my half hour commute. Five minutes ahead of me that day a tanker truck exploded on the freeway, and the resulting fire melted through several lanes of asphalt and sent a number of my fellow commuters to the hospital in critical condition. Sitting in the traffic jam aftermath, I had plenty of time to wonder where I would have been had I had my usual toast and peanut butter. I read a story once about a person who worked in an office in one of the World Trade Center towers, who, for some equally trivial reason, was late to work the day the planes hit. But every day there are a million of these critical instants, points where our specific actions—or delayed actions or inactions—alter forever the course of events, and we never have a clue.

The use of the word alter in the last sentence is problematic. It reflects an extraordinarily common logical error: the conflation of possibility with reality. It was exactly this problem that triggered my mental vapor lock when the waitress asked her question; it was exactly this problem that had me staring like a snake charmer's cobra at the space where the waitress's words dissolved into the bar's hypnotic sonic background.

Earlier that day I had cooked a stellar batch of sweet potato fries to use as a vehicle for testing my latest attempt at homemade ketchup. I walked the pot of still smoking-hot oil carefully down the back steps and out to the compost pile. I read somewhere that cooking oil shouldn't be thrown into the compost because it can make the composting process less efficient by sealing off areas of the pile from air and water exposure.

Efficiency be damned!—a tool of exploitation, a concept originating from within the dehumanizing frame of factory mass production.

I have two side-by-side four foot square “compost corrals” made by alternately stacking 4x4 pieces of heavy-duty oak pallet wood that my son-in-law brought home from a construction site. When the first one fills up, its contents are shoveled into the second, where they sit until the following spring when they are spread on the garden. It was late summer, the second corral had been sitting full for a couple months already and the first had a sizable start with yard debris from the last storm and the usual surfeit of kitchen scraps forming an amorphous damp mound in the center. I emptied the pot directly above the kitchen scrap mound and witnessed a holocaust beyond all reckoning.

The hot oil instantly deep fried the debris at the top of the pile, releasing a violent waft of steam accompanied by a satisfying sizzling sound. I was expecting that. But what I hadn't anticipated was the number of living creatures that came pouring out from the moist earthy depths—a desperate and screaming mass of life, each wriggling, crawling, buzzing part expending every drop of itself in an attempt to escape an oily incineration. Compost is decayed organic matter. And a compost pile is a pile of organic matter in varying stages of decay. But, a compost pile is also a vibrant local ecosystem that includes all manner of invertebrate animal life, and in a moment of thoughtlessness, I had committed an atrocity, the local effects of which will resonate for days. My initial surprise quickly turned to shocked remorse, and then to anger directed at my own lack of forethought. I should have known.

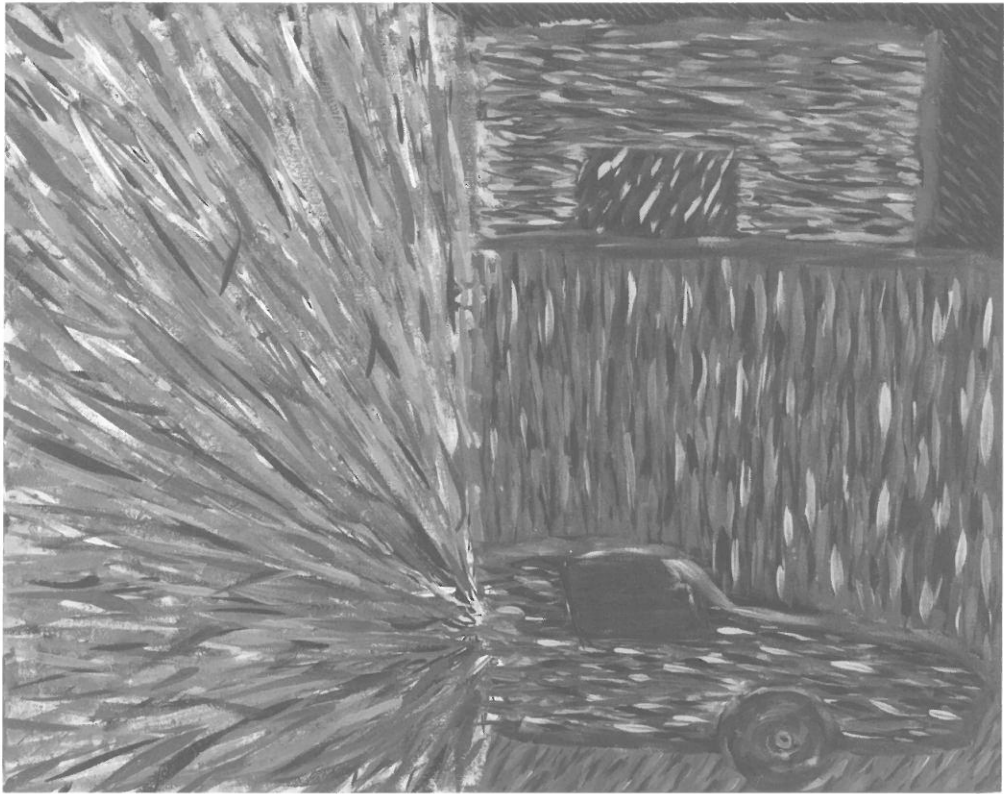
“I should have known” is a form of counterfactual thinking. It assumes that the past could have happened differently than it did, that there are alternative courses for events that have already transpired—or at least that there were viable alternative courses open at the time. Counterfactual thinking is clearly an adaptive human capacity. To re-envision the past is in some sense to prepare for the future. By imagining alternative outcomes for past events, we enhance our ability to act should a similar situation arise later on. The problem comes when we treat the alternatives, clearly visible in hindsight, as if they were actual possibilities within the unique context of the passing moment. This particular problem with counterfactuals has several names, regret and recrimination being the most common. Our minds can symbolically reverse and revise actions after the fact, and as a result humans have an amazing capacity to invent worlds that might have been. The problem is that the very fact that these worlds don't exist means that they could not have been. Despite our compelling imagination, things can never be any different than they in fact turn out to be. Time's arrow is an absolute, and yet we commend or condemn ourselves and each other for things we did or didn't do, after the fact.

I noticed years ago that it was usually the things I didn't do rather than the things that I did that end up most haunting my conscience later on. The regret of inaction is more durable. Action carries with it a certain amount of closure that inaction lacks. With action, the deed is done, and even if the choice turns out to be wrong in hindsight, the path toward reparation is almost always clearly marked. But there is no remedy

for a failure to act once the opportunity has passed. The silence of words unspoken can be deafening. So over the years I have developed a bias toward choosing action over inaction when the two options appear equivalent. Unfortunately, awareness of my acquired tendency toward action in these situations was actually part of my quandary in the present case, and proved, ultimately, to be my undoing. Hindsight be damned!

She repeated her question: "Would you like another drink?" I quickly punched the side of my phone to check the time, noting mentally that my last dose of Vicodin was less than an hour ago, and tendered my tardy response, "Yes, I think I would."

Joe Haberland, *Explosion* 16" x 20"



Clouds

Kylie Hill

What do you see?
When you stretch out under that shady tree
On top of the grass that prickles your bare arms and legs,
When the sun shines through the empty spaces of the leaves
Burning your eyes for just a moment,
Turning your gaze into a squint.

What do you see?
An elephant in a teacup
Or a frog with a mane?
A man on a horse
Or fish with wings?

Some people see the wild, the imaginative.
But some people,
They see their dreams:

Smiling faces of children,
A warm embrace,
A hearth and a fire
With pictures in frames
Of people laughing, loving, living.

The clouds create patterns
Of our wishes, wants, and needs.
And they seem so close

That we can touch them,
Until they float away
In a wisp of wonder.

And you are left
Floating back to reality,
Trying to hold on,
To make those dreams
Float back into that sky,
So that you can reach out
And pull them in,
Hold them in your hands,
Make those dreams seem closer
Just for a little while longer.

What do you see?
In those white, wispy dreams?
Pull them in before they disintegrate
Into that big unknown sky.

Would You Mind

Vivian Myers

Your sweet face above mine
Halo or horns, no one knows
Like morning sunrise you shine
Black eyes, like the circling crows

Hazy shadows cover the sun
Faces of life swarm my mind
That desperate feeling to run
I know you'd be right behind

If I didn't die tonight, would you mind?

Prologue

Adam Crook

January 15, 2010

Nathan Hunt walked out of the Chicago Police Station on 51st and Wentworth feeling equally pissed off, relieved, and exhausted. It had taken months of long days, longer nights, money, and mountains of paperwork to do what had been done today. But in the end, it was worth it. He'd done what he needed to. Now the boy would be safe. More or Less. Mission Accomplished. Hopefully.

He couldn't deny that it had cost him a lot. Those greedy assholes had wanted a lot out of him. And he had given it to them. No problem. It had to be done. All for that boy. As he trudged to his car, the cold, January wind stung his skin as it whipped past him, but he didn't bother to tighten his coat. The cold air would help keep him calm. He didn't want the kid to see how much those people had pissed him off. Again he sighed, but that was only because he knew that the easy part was over. Becoming a foster kid's adopted parent. Long and tedious. But easy. Getting a boy out of trouble with the police. A little bit harder, but still relatively easy. Now came the much more difficult job of gaining the boy's trust, taking care of him, and raising him just so he would survive.

Yeah, this next part would definitely be hard.

Hunt finally made it to his car after about 10 minutes of pacing around the block. He spent that time planning and scheming. Now that he had the boy with him, he needed to make sure that boy would be able to stay alive. He walked through the parking lot and, amazingly, he couldn't find his own car. He may have been inside his own head, but that was no reason that he shouldn't know where his own car was. There was no way someone could have taken it, so where was it? That was when he saw it. His car, a gray 2010 Mustang with a black stripe. Then he saw the reason why he had kept passing the car in the first place. Someone was sitting on the hood of his car. It looked to be a

kid of about 9, maybe 10 years old. He wore a black hooded leather jacket, blue jeans, and a pair of black snow boots. The boy had his hood up, so he couldn't see the boy's expression. But he could tell that the boy was staring at him, based on the way that the head moved ever so slightly every few seconds, scanning the parking lot. Either the boy had spotted him and decided that he wasn't worth staring at or he didn't want to be caught staring at him. Finally the hood stopped in his direction. Obviously, the boy had decided to confront him. Hunt walked straight up to his car and the boy that was sitting on the hood of his car.

"Take off the hood" were the first words out of his mouth. He hadn't meant for them to be his first words, but they'd slipped. He'd had bad experiences with hoods and he hated to see people wearing them.

The boy didn't move, so the hood stayed where it was. Hunt could tell that the boy was regarding him, probably taking measure of how long it would take before the man who stood before him would snap. They stood like that for a long minute before the boy reached up and tugged the hood back, revealing a Black Sox skull cap. He was definitely either 9 or 10. The boy's skin was the color of teakwood and he had black, low-cut hair. The boy's face was somewhat sullen. He looked as if he hadn't had a nourishing meal in days. He had a fresh scar over his left eyebrow as if he'd recently had a blade slashed across his head. But that wasn't his most distinctive feature. His most distinctive feature by far was his eyes. They were a rich brown color that was sharp as the sharpest switchblade and cloudy as a thunderhead. The boy had mature eyes. Eyes that could easily discern truths from lies just by looking you in the eyes. One look and you could see that the boy was either mature for his age or he'd been through a lot in his short years on this earth. Hunt sighed internally.

This was the boy. The one he'd just gone through all of this trouble for. And now he was certain that the next step would only be harder. He'd have to be extremely cautious when he dealt with his kid.

"You OK? You look cold."

The boy didn't speak, but kept those eyes locked on his. Hunt decided to take another step.

“My name is Nathan Hunt. What’s yours?”

Again the boy didn’t speak, and again those eyes never left his.

“You look hungry. You wanna get something to eat?”

This time he got a reaction. Those eyes sparked for a second when he mentioned food. Hunt decided to press his advantage.

“You look like you haven’t had a good meal in about a week. I know a good diner three blocks away. You wanna go there and get some food?”

Again the boy didn’t say anything, but he slid off of the hood of the car and grabbed the backpack that he had behind him. And for the first time, the boy spoke quietly.

“Are we gonna walk there or can we take your car?”

Hunt just stared at him for a moment and chuckled slightly. “It’s kinda cold out right now, so we’ll take the car. OK?”

The boy nodded slightly and walked to the rear left side of the car, opened it up, got in and slammed the door.

Hunt sighed, got in the front seat, and drove to the diner.

An hour later, Hunt and the boy sat across from each other, saying nothing. They had just finished burgers, fries, and milkshakes. Now was the time for talking. Interestingly, it was the boy who started the conversation.

“How’d it go?”

The boy stared him dead in the face again as he asked. Hunt didn’t know what the boy was talking about, but he did notice that the boy’s hands were shaking slightly. Was the the boy cold from being outside in only a leather jacket or was it because he was a little scared of something?

“What are you talking about?”

The boy tilted his head slightly to the right as if he was wondering whether Hunt was an idiot. But of course Hunt knew exactly what the boy wanted to know. The boy wanted to know if he had to go to juvie. Hunt thought about messing with the boy more by feigning ignorance, but ultimately decided against it.

“Fine,” he said evenly. “They dropped the charges against you.”

Hunt contemplated telling the boy why the parents had dropped the charges, but he'd decided not to. Except that the boy didn't seem to want to give him much of a choice. His reply was quick and hard, almost like a whip: "Why?"

Hunt was interested by that reaction, but he didn't let it show on his face. His face was a blank slate. The boy wanted answers, and he'd give him answers. But he'd use this as a way to get some of his own needed information.

"All right," he said. "But only on one condition. In the future, you be completely honest with me, and I'll be honest with you. Deal?"

What happened next really made Hunt want to smile in contentment. The boy looked away from him and stared out of the window. He saw the battle that raged in the boy's face. And that was a real change from the boy that he'd met only an hour and a half ago. Before, the boy's face was expressionless. Now he could see the emotions that danced on his face: hesitation, angst, anger, and, oddly enough, hope. The boy was considering the deal. He was weighing the cost of agreeing to the terms. And if he did agree, Hunt had complete faith that the boy would keep his promise. In the boy's file, everyone he'd ever been with had always said the same thing. That if he said that he would do something, he would do it. Finally, the boy looked at him again and met his eyes. The boy's eyes were clear and focused, as if he had made his peace with the agreement and was ready for whatever was going to come because of it. But there was something else in those eyes, something that was less easy to read.

He spoke quickly and quietly. "OK. I agree. Why did the Morgans drop the charges against me?"

"I managed to convince them."

The boy's reply was quick as a whip again: "How?"

This made Hunt hesitate. He didn't want to tell the boy the truth. He didn't know how telling the boy would affect him, and what was worse, he didn't want the boy to know too much. And there was that look in his eyes again. Only now, Hunt could recognize what that look was. The boy was challenging him. Seeing whether he would be honest, honoring the agreement that he, himself, had set forth. Hunt could tell that this very moment would affect their entire relationship. Now he understood why he'd seen

hope in the boy's eyes. The boy was trying to decide if he wanted to trust him.

Hunt would prove to the boy that he could trust him, but he wouldn't tell him everything.

"I paid them. I gave them money so that they wouldn't press charges against you."

Now the boy looked away from him again and stared out of the window. He spoke again in a whisper. "Why?"

"Two reasons. One, you're moving on to a new portion of your life. I feel like whenever someone does that they shouldn't have the things that they've done in the past affect how they do things in the future. So I made sure that your mistake in the past wouldn't affect your future."

Again the boy looked him in the eyes and said, "And the second reason?"

"Because starting today, you're my son, and I'm gonna' take care of you."

The boy narrowed his eyes at Hunt slightly. He was getting close. Almost there.

"How much?"

Hunt sighed and said "5 Million. It was supposed to be just enough to cover the hospital bills. But they got greedy and demanded more."

The boy broke eye contact again and whispered "Why would you do that for me?"

This question again. Hunt had already told the boy the truth. Well, a piece of the truth. He'd left out some details of course, but that was only because the boy wouldn't be able to handle the whole truth. Not yet, anyway. Now was the time to turn the table and get some of his own questions answered. Hunt's voice became brisk and businesslike. It was time for his portion the the 20 Questions game to begin.

"I already told you. I think now it's time for you to answer some of my questions."

The boy nodded and Hunt began.

"Why'd you do it?"

"Do what exactly?" the boy said, a little too innocently.

"You know what. Why did you put that boy into the hospital?"

The words snapped out of Hunt's mouth because of the mounting frustration he felt because of the boy trying to feign ignorance. Hunt had very little patience for people who tried to act less intelligent than they were. It was belittling. To both themselves and the

person that they were talking to. The boy kept staring out of the window and again Hunt could see the emotions that swept across the boy's face. The chief emotion on his face was guilt.

"I got mad," he said in a subdued voice. "I got mad and I lost control."

Hunt fought to keep the emotions off of his face and out of his voice. He'd broken a kid's nose and damn near shattered his jaw, all because he'd gotten pissed off? No way.

"What happened? Tell me the whole story."

And he did.

Tyler Jackson and some other guys had been picking with another kid and when he told them to knock it off, they decided to pick with him instead. The only problem was he wasn't gonna' let some bully pick with him, so he fought back. And over the course of the fight he'd gotten more and more mad until he couldn't stop himself.

"My vision went red," the boy sighed. "I heard a roaring in my ears, then everything got foggy. Next thing I knew, I was being pulled off of Tyler's chest and my knuckles were bloody." Now the boy looked him in the eye again. "I'm really sorry." And Hunt could tell that he was. Hunt could see true remorse and vulnerability in the boy's face now. It seemed that the boy actually regretted what had happened. It was also clear that the boy knew what he did was wrong and he knew the consequences and he was worried about them. But Hunt only thought about the boy, himself. That punk Tyler and his parents were all assholes to Hunt. And if the boy's story was the truth, which Hunt had no doubt that it was, then the little punk had gotten what he'd deserved. What bothered him was the boy's temper. Having a short temper was extremely dangerous for people like him. During their time together he'd have to teach him to contain it.

"OK. Thank you for your honesty." Hunt looked out the window and noticed that the sun was going down. He turned back to the boy and said "It's getting late. Whaddaya' think about us going home for tonight, and tomorrow we'll go get your stuff from the group home?"

The boy just shrugged nonchalantly and got out of the booth and walked to the front door and stood there, obviously waiting for him. Hunt left money for the bill on the table, got up and followed the boy out to his car. When the boy got in the car, Hunt

adjusted his rear view mirror slightly so that he could see him.

"One more question, if you don't mind." The boy shook his head, indicating that he didn't.

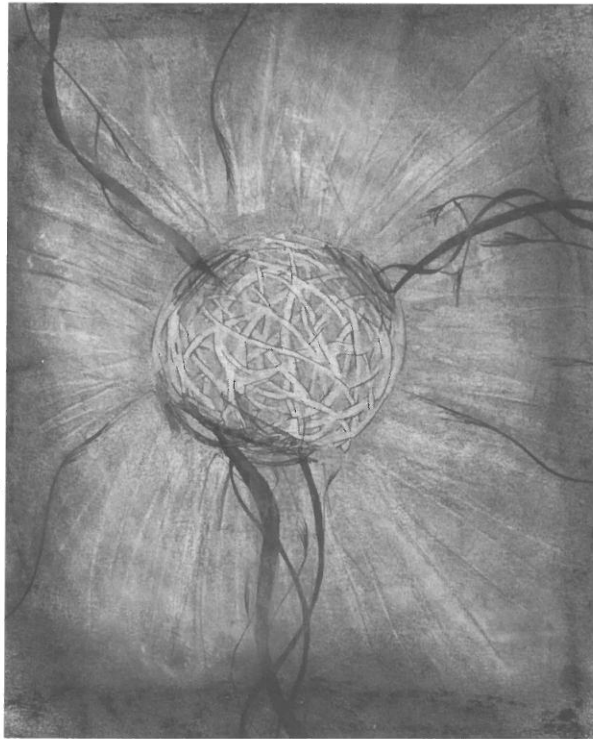
"What do you want me to call you? I mean your name is in your file, but if you want, we can get you a new name. Since I'm adopting you, it'll be really easy. Unless you want me to call you 'Kid,' which I have no problem with at all."

The boy considered for a minute before saying, "A new name. A new name for a new start."

"Fine. What's your new name?"

"How about . . . Adrian Roth?"

Catilyn Barnes, *Desperation* 18" x 24"



Autumn Soldier

Emily Turza

The cool crisp air of fall
Like biting into a fresh picked apple
The mist gently kisses her cheek
Flushed like leaves on the trees

In one hand, a hot cider
And a pumpkin muffin in the other
What more could a girl ask for
But her man to take the empty seat beside her

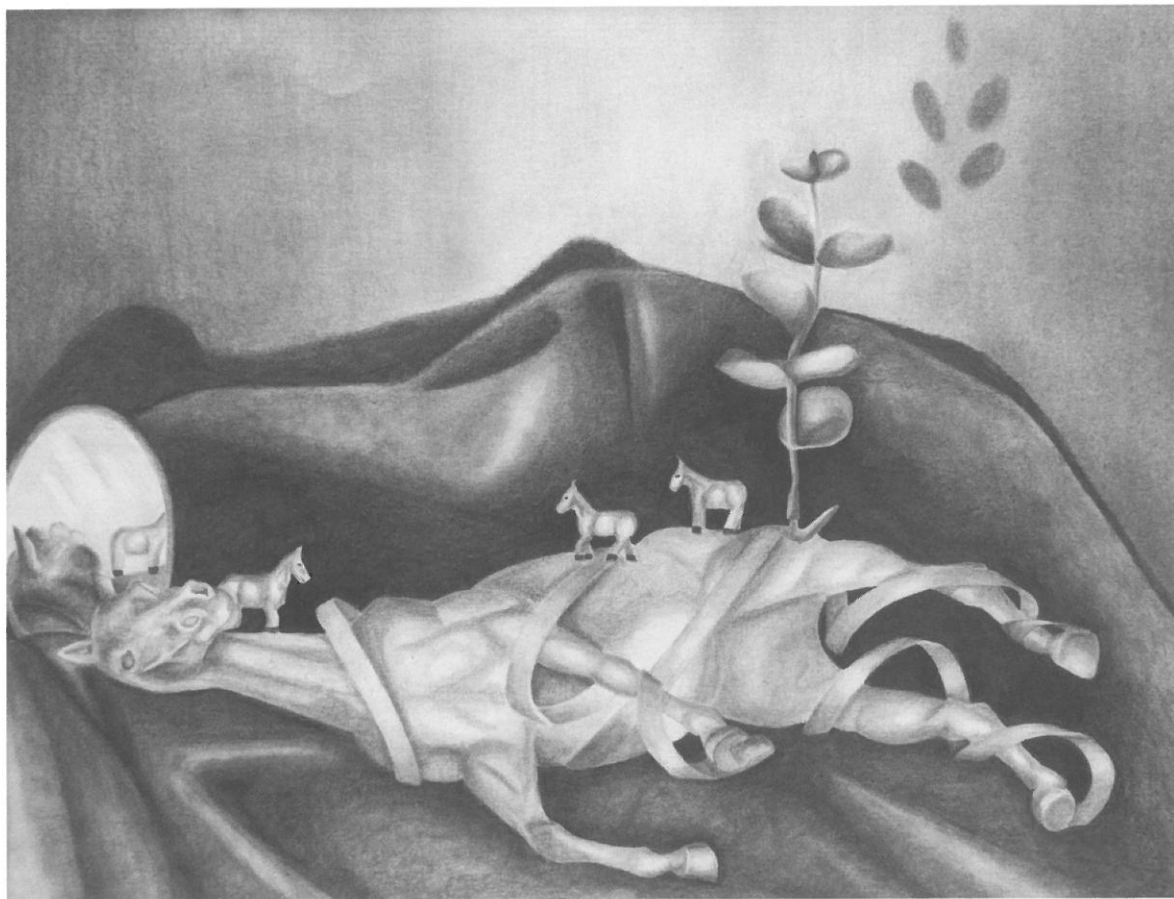
She remembers his smile if only barely
They've grown closer as they've been apart scarily
But on days like this she misses him terribly
Even though he is acting admirably

The trees before her fade to sand
As she remembers his letter and
Realizes the quiet stillness she appreciates
Must be awfully rare in place torn by hate

How he must miss home and big warm hugs
Fires and turkey and clinking mugs
Stories and family gathered round
Snuggled up all safe and sound

He pays the price of safety here
She pays the price without him here
Together they make holidays happen
But hardly ever does someone thank them

Meghan Hennessey, *The Horse Landscape* 18" x 24"



A Good Day

Katie Davisson

There are good days and there are bad days.
Then there are the days in-between.
And today was a good day, because I didn't think of you.
I saw how brightly the sun shined, and I didn't think of you.
I noticed the birds and the trees and not once did I think of you.
Until I started thinking about how I hadn't thought of you.
Tomorrow will probably be a bad day.
But hey, I'm trying.

Meghan Hennessey, *The Observer* 18" x 24"



I'm in Love, but Not with You

Gloria Leonard

I'm in love—

Too much in love to be loving you.

I'm in love with the way the sun shines

Through my blinds and kisses my face,

The way I sometimes feel the birds sing

For me and only me.

I've fallen for the way the wind plays

With my hair and caresses my skin,

With cotton candy skies and

Cool grass under my bare feet.

I'm in love—

Too much in love to be missing you.

If I spent my time missing you, I'd miss

The symphony of crickets outside my window

And the humming of the girl down the hall.

I would miss the way the thunder cracks

Down like a gavel and the way the heavens pour.

Missing you would mean missing out on all these

Things I love and more, if I allowed them to become

Reminders of you.

But I'm love with life now,

And there's no room in this heart for you.

At the River

John D. Groppe

That man in the river, eh?
He's a priest's son, yes, a temple priest
with fine clothes and food aplenty,
like those there with the colorful robes
who are full of anger and hate
and are ready to stone him.
Those arguing with him?
They are men of the law
and try to argue the law with him
so they can charge him before the Sanhedrin.
What does he ask of all of them?
Repent.
That's it—just repent.
Of what?
Power, privilege, ignorance of the poor
who skimp to buy a small bird for a sacrifice.
See those men toward the back,
laughing at the angry men, enjoying
how he looks the mighty ones in the eye,
refuses to go point for point with the mighty ones
and says only, "Repent."
Look at their clothes—loins girded for hard work,
old cloaks over their raw shoulders.
They're workers. They delight
in the anger of the priests and the lawyers,
but few enter the river with what many call

the wild man to be washed of their way of life.
Some have, mostly young men from the city,
or some from the desert cults.
And those back by the trees, yes?
Priests, poor priests from the Galilee.
They dress like workers and earn their way
and are not allowed to serve in the Temple.
They too enjoy the sputtering anger
of the Temple men and the law men.
Some say they carry knives so sharp
that the knife man will have vanished
before the victim knows he's been sliced.
A bit of a street show, yes,
but most are waiting for the wild man to go too far
and Herod will have to act—or the Romans.
Herod will find some reason to end this spectacle
and we'll go about our lives as we did before
unless . . . what, I don't know.
The Messiah? Hardly. There are new Messiahs
every week in Jerusalem. They come and go.
Maybe someone whose anger has been tempered
by the hard work of making a living with his hands,
by nights of sleeping on the ground
with only a cloak for warmth,
who appreciates good bread
and a cup of wine with friends.
Me repent? I'm a peddler.
Peddlers have lots to repent,
but if I repent, who will feed my children?
I make my living as best I can.

I almost live like the wild man.
Look at my poor garments.
My meals are meager,
but I do feed my children.
One of these days, Herod will act,
or the Romans, and if the Romans act,
we will all scatter like sheep
whether we have repented or not.
Would you like to see my wares?
I have a living to make.

Anthony Majewski, *Wave Teapot Set*



The Weather

Meghan Hennessey

He hardly ever uses texting as a means of communication. Actually, my dad doesn't communicate much in general. When he does text me, it's usually to tell me a random fact or funny story from his day. Occasionally it's just to check in on me. I look forward to these irregular text messages from him. One day, while lounging around my dorm room loathing my homework and aimlessly scrolling through my Instagram feed, I got a text from him. "Dad Cell" popped up on my screen, and I read the message.

"Are you writing much? In a journal for yourself? You should be if you're not so do it."

He's not great with technology, so punctuation and general text structure don't really concern him much. I pondered the text, a little thrown by its completely random subject. Then I replied.

"I'm not but I've been meaning to."

"You have to start. A date and one sentence of a thought or a sight or something of interest that was seen or done or whatever. Some days will be longer than others. Also the weather, Hemingway said the weather is always important."

I was curious about the weather part. I have read many of my dad's journal entries, and he always includes the weather. I always wondered why, and now I knew the answer. It was because Hemingway had recommended it.

"Why is the weather important?" I asked.

"All I know is Hemmingway said 'remember to get the weather in your damn book-weather is very important.' I never questioned it. It just makes sense. Google the quote it prob expounds on why. Tea and cakes in the rain is totally diff situation than tea and cakes in the sun."

Tea and cakes is an ongoing joke between the two of us. He knows that I am unhealthily obsessed with Jane Austen, and he associates Jane Austen with tea and cakes. Whenever I accomplish something or do well he says, "Congratulations, tea and cakes all

around.” We both understand that use of the “tea and cakes” phrase means celebration and good times. And so I said, “The tea and cakes comparison makes sense.”

“I’m that good,” he replied. And then continued, “Everyone can associate with weather. It’s something nobody is void of.”

“So stating the weather makes the journal relatable?” I asked. I wanted a bit of clarification.

He said, “It’s something you know you have no matter what each day. So no day will have a void. It’s a good starting point. It’s October 9, 2015 cool and drizzly. Guy in next room won’t stop singing Fix You by Coldplay. I’m about to fix him.”

This was an example from his own journal entry. I laughed. His journal entries almost always include something about his co-workers.

“I guess I need to get a weather journal.”

“That makes no sense.”

“A journal to record the weather.”

“They have that it’s called the newspaper. Just note it before each entry it’s the writer thing to do. Yours is to live and die not to question why or something.”

“So a journal with a weather feature?” I said. I never realized writing the weather down everyday was a writer thing to do but somehow his logic made sense.

“Yeah.”

“I’ll have to get a notebook.” The conversation ended there.

He had convinced me. A few days later I scrounged up an old sketchbook that I had neglected to use and designated it my journal. I wrote down the date, the weather, and attempted to mirror my dad’s journaling style by adding a humorous story. Then I searched around Google for Hemingway’s explanation on the importance of weather, but couldn’t find one. Instead I found the quote “There is nothing to writing. Just sit down at a typewriter and bleed.” I don’t have a typewriter, and the whole bleeding thing seems a bit extreme for my taste. Maybe someday I’ll get a typewriter and bleed genius novels and thoughts. For now, though, I think I’ll just settle for the weather and maybe some funny stories.

Catilyn Barnes , *Enduring Darkness*



When It Rains, It Pours

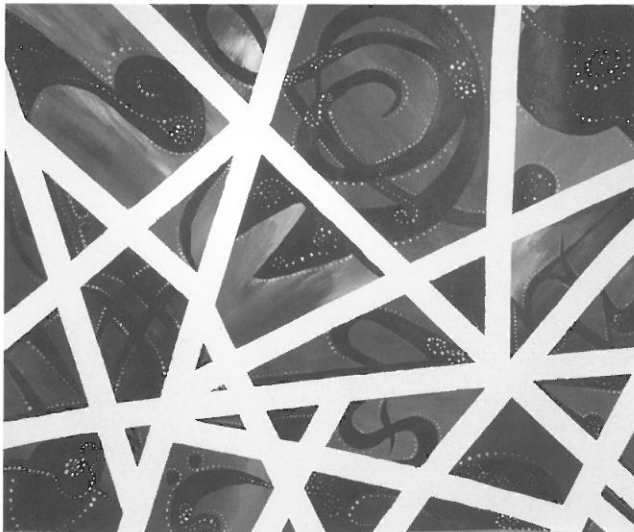
Katie Davisson

It's there, in your hand.
You're holding it, and you don't even know
It beats, expanding and constricting,
And you can't even see it.

But, there it is, dripping red,
getting you all messy and ruining your clothes.
I'm sorry; I didn't know it would be
such a burden.

I'd take it back, but I can't.
There's nowhere for it to go.

Jade Hurst, *Broken* 18"x24"



Walking Barefoot

Kertney Brozyna

The beach is full of
 Deceiving beauty.
The wave builds up,
 Alluring and captivating,
Until it comes
 Collapsing down.
The sand itself feels
 Warm and harmless
Until you walk barefoot and
 Tread on something acute.
Going into the ocean, you are
 Naïve and trusting
Until one day, the wave sucks you under
 And you're gasping for air.

Calvary

Chelle Robertson

Veronica walked in isolation
to and from the mailbox,
to and from the mailbox,
all her life.

The white mail truck would sputter past . . .
seconds later she would appear:
winter, summer, spring, and fall.
Out the flimsy and bent metal-screened door that screamed,
dirty white poodle and mammoth, slobbery German Shepherd barking high and low
tones in her
sway,
down the gravel driveway,
wrinkled head bobbing above the unruly line of sticky bushes as she hobbled forward
across the speckled cross of subdivision pavement;
a wrinkled hand into a crooked, bashed mailbox,
then empty hands back into the pockets of her pie-stained apron,
silent and hunched and hooded
widowed and wise . . .
From a very first faith lesson in life,
I remember Veronica.

Veronica, the proud and Polish:
“Call me Mrs. P,” she’d say,
bearer of pea soup, incomplete without gi-normous ham bone,
creator of cinnamon spaghetti:
St. Veronica living next door where the purple flowers grew;

deadpan humor, scowling and childlike.
There was the time she became grandmother,
so my mother,
after hours, bleeding from a rupture,
could finally get help.

Memories are snapshots
in an album of Midwestern, Catholic lives:
Veronica made us gangly stuffed cabbage with sauerkraut.
It smelled like feet and we wouldn't touch it.
"Eat!" she shouted and clapped her hands together.
"Goodsy Goodsy!"
Giggling, we took a bite.

I was three years old when mom and dad moved into the money pit;
the place next door to Veronica,
mom's Merrillville dream house,
dad's nightmare,
and my Jerusalem.
Jerusalem, our happy home.
My father would call himself the king of his castle
at the formica table eating cheap Broasted Chicken to Go.
There was no moat,
until the ditch flooded the basement.

In this place and space and time,
I grew, surrounded by Calvary:
a neighborhood road,
one half of an infinity symbol,
an endless purgatory loop,

perilous oval of broken pavement,
leading back home,
no matter the starting place.

This weather-worn path
I trudged in garage sale sweaty pink high tops,
pfish, pfffuffed over snow in winter moon boots,
delivering newspapers every morning
for seven holy adolescent years,
clicking beads of Grandma's Rosary in the pocket of my snowmobile suit as I walked,
memorizing Simon and Garfunkel's Boxer on my Walk-Man: li-la-li-li-li-la-li;
I was forging a road I never perceived as less traveled,
learning discipline and doggedness and dedication and completion.

The day I met Veronica,
my tiny, three-year-old bare feet
had wandered out the front door alone,
my mother on her way to the store,
dad asleep on the black vinyl couch tossed to one side of a rugless room.

Fireworks inside my center:
I was outside!
I liked the sound of my togs slapping our black driveway.
The sky was so big and blue
and little white fluffy clouds looked like cotton dinosaurs.
I reached the speckled cross of subdivision pavement,
followed it to a butterfly,
which flitted to a dandelion,
then darted to a daisy;
reached for the colors . . .

Suddenly I'd entered a foreign world
where nothing was familiar.
Frantic, following bushes back to strange places,
feet achy from hot pavement against my mini toes.
Yards are a hundred miles away
to a tiny soul.

Crying silent, helpless tears
until a gruff and nasal voice fell from above me,
playful and kind in its lilt:
"Where's your mamma?" she cooed.

A scarf she referred to as "babooshka"
from her head
gently and slowly unwound and removed;
she wiped the tears from both of my wet and sweaty cheeks
and took my hand into hers.

Together, we followed the neighborhood road left,
Which wasn't "right" in either sense (of direction or home).
Arthritic arms could not carry,
but a slow pace did guide,
along the grassy ledge,
ever so slowly,
making our way up (and around)
Calvary.

We walked the same pace,
hand in hand,
neither of us alone anymore.

Until the sub-circle found us where the frantic bodies and flashing lights were:
in the driveway;
mom's praise and thanks to God for miracles.
And there I stood
between the two of them,
like Jesus,
on a fateful Friday,
between Veronica
who had wiped my sweat with her head-veil,
looking up at my mother, Mary:
a tiny Christ
on Calvary.

Baby feet lost;
baby feet saved.

Scripture has it
that one who is not as a child
will never unlock the Kingdom of heaven.
I grasped the key that day,
in the hands of two women of God;
lived lessons,
shared before I could even read the Good book:

unconditional love modeled
on road traversed,
after following colors,
finding the courageous neighbor
who found me

after traveling and searching and suffering together.

Legendary in my history,
Veronica and her veil
on the day I took my very first accidental tour of a new neighborhood
and found faith.

Now she has passed on;
her legacy, a small crooked house in Michigan City, Indiana,
a ratty yellow cat she called "Love,"
all those recipes in a rectangular cobalt metal box
in alphabetical order.

Last I saw her,
she admitted, "the old people disease" was invading her brain.
She didn't even remember watching Mash on T.V.
or listening to Andre Rieu
play his marvelous violin.
And of my mother and the mail and the spaghetti and soup and the road?
"Nada!" and tossed her hands skyward.

But this is now, and that was then . . .

Still, little things, great love,
lessons disguised in a day's cloak,
touching and shaping a spirit,
whispered on each springtime wind,
getting lost
in the mind,
in a neighborhood,

Being found
on the path
to salvation.

Pam Heuser, *Teapot*



My Favorite Backyard

Patrick McElwain

I'll never have a backyard like the one I had when I was 7. What I remember most is how green everything was. Those wonderful trees- maples, oaks, and cherries, home to singing jays and catbirds. Big, rough, and countless, these trees were my home too, offering shade in the summer, or friendly limbs to curious arms. The yard was right at the foot of a big hill, and dividing high ground from low was an enormous drainage seep that snaked its way in between the groves and stopped at the neighbor's ditch. At its top was a small white building- probably some sort of power or maintenance facility for our neighborhood. Scattered around were patches of wild strawberries- a tasty find on those sweltering PA summers. I liked to hoard them in a small plastic bucket, and keep them in the beige shed behind the swingset near the chipping deck. Next to the shed was a quaint herb garden, right behind where my older sister and I dug up an old fountain years later. Around the property were flecks of dirt and dead grass, or at least off color patches of it. Paradise for kids my age. There was never a chance to be bored.

At first glance, the yard was broken. To me, it was an enchanted grove- one that I had read in all my fantasy books. I, plastic sword in hand, would slip from the confines of the actual world, and embark off my deck and toward these enchanted woods, not knowing what "dangers" might be ahead. I'd brandish my little toy saber, and bravely chase away the evil gray squirrels, and hurl rocks at the robin-shaped sirens, both destined to throw me off of my quest. I dared to cross into the Forbidden River and had to climb up the mountain of the White Castle where, much to my relief, I'd find the fabled rubies awaiting me. I had to hurry and collect them before any of the guards could see. Laughing triumphantly I pelted back toward my shed with my hoard of jewels. I climbed the three stairs, opened the door, and sat on the big blue S.W. Jack cooler- an acceptable throne. The musty smell of the shed wasn't as bothersome if the door was open. I'd look down at my haul and count it, recount it, and count it again. My wealth was supreme! It's time to celebrate!

I popped the little berries into my mouth, their red juices trickled and stained every white shirt I ever owned. When I ran out, I had to get more. Not a problem, but also not as fun as the first. Whenever I heard the sliding screen door open, I'd toss my sword back into the shed and hurry toward the deck, eager to meet my sisters and to find a new game. Maybe we'd be explorers together, or maybe we'd just swing today.

Ashley R Brinkman, *Frog on Log* 8"x10"



Saint Joseph's College

Karen Gramajo

I wanted to say, good bye.
The years started to fly.
I yearned to stop the time,
To see every smile chime.

I wanted to say, hello.
It meant "I love you."
It's sad to say good bye—
Too much to do, I cry.

I tell you my observations;
You smile fondly.
I squeal for small things.
You ponder why, I sing.

I'll tell you everyone:
I love the time as one
Enjoying your reaction,
Loving your passion.

I'm going to miss you,
Pupils of Saint Joe.
Life goes on it seems.
But memories remain.

I pray I become a legend.

Up the Ladder Under Indiana Skies

Edward P. Habrowski

In 1911, the skies of northwest Indiana were punctuated with the construction of the current water tower on the campus of Saint Joseph's College. It replaced a wooden tank that was housed in one of two towers of the former Administration Building. The Administration Building caught fire and burned in February, 1973. The water tower stands about 170 feet high and has a walkway around the tank. The tank, which holds 50,000 gallons of water, may be reached via a ladder that is built into the southwest leg, one of four that supports the tower. College personnel and students, over the years, have climbed and reached the apex of the tower to repair it or to leave their initials, and in some cases to spray paint love notes, red St. Valentine's Day hearts, green shamrocks, and the peace symbol, in black, on the tank before returning to the safe confines of terra firma. Today the water tower has the College's puma (mascot) paw print and nickname "PUMAS" painted onto it, as well as the web address: saintjoe.edu.

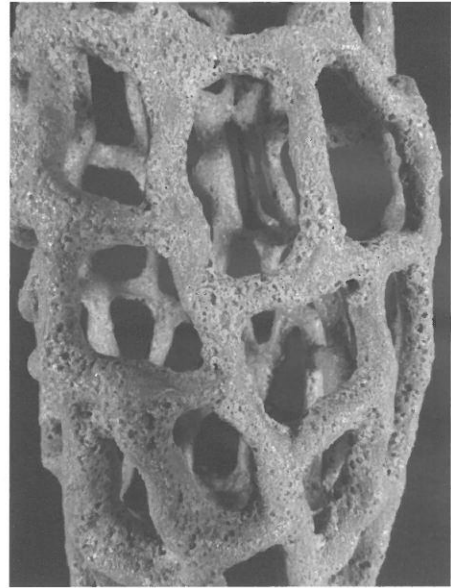
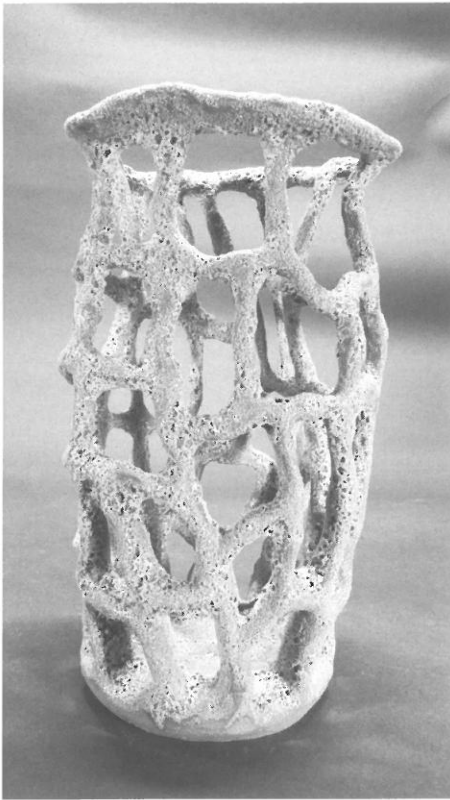
Seven years prior to the erection of the water tower a newly-ordained priest by the name of Fr. Ildephonse Rapp, C.P.P.S., became a faculty member at the College. This was Fr. Rapp's first assignment as a priest of the religious order known as the Missionaries of the Precious Blood (C.P.P.S.), which founded the College in 1889. Fr. Rapp taught arithmetic, elocution, Latin, religion, rhetoric, and directed the College band as well as its plays and other theatre programs.

The term "rugged individualist" has been penned to describe the attributes of this priest. He was known to have ridden a motorcycle, and annually climbed up the ladder and walked around the tank of the water tower on his birthday, June 16. He did this until 1954, the year he turned 77 years of age and celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a priest. At the command of his religious superior, Fr. Rapp was told not to climb the water tower any more on his birthday. He obediently complied. However, the next year the "rugged individualist" climbed the water tower on June 17, the day after his 78th birthday. Hearing this, his religious superior once again gave Fr. Rapp a stern directive forbidding

him to ever climb up the ladder to the walkway of the water tower. He followed this directive most religiously for the rest of his earthly life.

Fr. Rapp lived another fifteen years on campus before retiring in 1969 to the C.P.P.S. seminary-center in Ohio, where he died on June 15, 1973, one day short of his ninety-sixth birthday. May Indiana skies always welcome him to climb high while reaching for the sun/Son and stars.

Ryan Postma, *Holy Pits*



Continuum

Hannah Wallace

William Saroyan once said, “I know you will remember this—that nothing good ever ends. If it did, there would be no people in the world, no life at all, anywhere—and the world is full of people and full of wonderful life.”

For the past five months, I have been attempting to find the most flawless way to write a beautiful piece about how good things don’t end and what William Saroyan meant by this quote. And within those five months, I have been wondering why it was taking so long to put it all together. But that was the most important part: the time it took. As I wrote in my first published blog post, “timing is everything.” It’s at least most of it. As a writer, you can write and write, but there is a significant moment when you know you’re ready to write what you had been piecing together throughout time. And so, here is my moment for you.

“Nothing good ever ends.” Impossible, right? Mr. Saroyan had to have been wrong. But then again, maybe not.

end

noun

1. a point that marks the limit of something: the point at which something no longer continues to happen or exist.

Throughout the twenty years that I have been alive, I have learned a few things that I can tell you for certain. One is that there is only one beginning and one end to our lives. And in between are all these events that happen to us, and within all these events, not one has ever ceased to exist. The way I see it, we’ve all been granted this beautiful and sometimes torturous thing called our mind. For all that things might change throughout the years, there is nothing that can stop existing. We can pretend it does. But a memory, a person, a feeling, is always kept in our minds. Sometimes these memories, these people, these feelings haunt us, but sometimes they remind us of this never-ending cycle that I think we’re all really a part of.

I know we have all experienced a time in our lives in which we feel like something has ended. And as a matter of fact, it almost has. The meaning of the word “end” is not here for nothing. But what we often forget to acknowledge in the midst of heartbreak is the happiness that remains. There are people who leave, there are memories that become blurry, and we lose all kinds of stuff. But I think we are supposed to see more than that. We never just keep losing. We gain so much. And so I think, maybe what William wanted was for us to just believe that good things won’t end. And that the mind is much more powerful than we believe it to be. Perhaps we are not surrounded by these dead ends and new beginnings. Maybe it’s just that we are falling into different parts of our lives, making our way through the flight.

“Falling is scary, but good, practice for life. We must fall. In love. Out of love. Into new life experiences and out of old habits. Deeper and further into ourselves. We must fall, life is falling ever forward. The only choice we have is how we let go.” –Troian Bellisario

And so, with that being said, the choice is always ours. The choice to be made here is whether or not to believe that good things never end. What I really think William meant, though, is that these good things don’t just stop all at once; they never can, and some things never stop at all. Because there are some moments and people and places that we slowly or suddenly drift away from. But there is far more than that. And this is the second thing I can tell you for certain—there are people and places and moments that we only grow significantly closer to for the rest of our lives; they are infinite, they exist, and they are the reason William Saroyan thought of this quote in the first place. I think we are meant to have experiences and meet people and read books and hear things that are all meant to remind us that this ending we think exists is nothing short of imaginary. I think we find people and have experiences that make us believe, again, in everything that was once good before.

And I think that’s what William wanted us to always remember: that good things are surrounding us infinitely. And that maybe we aren’t supposed to search for a new beginning, but rather recognize that we are falling into different parts of our lives. Perhaps there is only one beginning and one end in our lives. And between those two we

do the best we can to live as simplistically, as wonderfully as possible, because so long as we are here, good things do not end.

Maybe when we see that, they never truly will.

And so, five months later, here we are. Good things have come and gone. And during the departure it was nearly impossible to see the silver lining through the fogged clouds. I went on the longest flight of my life with enough turbulence to make me wonder how I didn't crash. But if my interpretation of Mr. Saroyan's words are right, then I think the hardest, but most significant moment of that flight was the realization of the appreciation that I was flying at all, that even though the flight was headed south, good things were still infinitely surrounding me. And waiting for the moment of that flight to get back on course was worth all the turbulence and panic because I cannot begin to describe how it looked or felt once the skies cleared. And that's one of the best parts, isn't it? Finding ourselves in moments that words cannot express.

Furthermore, I do not think this life is so much a cycle of beginnings and endings, but a continuum of us falling in, and out, and back into our lives, drifting off course and finding our way back, finding our way to the people and places and moments that are infinite—because despite it all, those people and places and moments certainly exist.

And I think that's what Mr. Saroyan meant. Because once you see it, well . . . like I said—there are not many words.

The Strike Anywhere Heart

Michael Steinhour

Holding each other so close
The wind couldn't pass between us.
At the initial ignition of sulfur,
Incendiary catastrophe looms.
But . . . can catastrophe be beautiful?
Chemical changes remap landscapes.
One in two will end in nightmare.
The other in blissful ignorance
Of what might have been.
Walking a tightrope above a binary outcome
One must be careful not to sneeze.
Truth be told I've thought all this through.
The weight on my mind now an anchor tied to my heart.
Preparations are under way,
There's no turning back.
I've written these words to feed the inferno.
I stand on oil-soaked wood, arms wide open.
Daring your lips to strike against mine.

Strings

Kylie Hill

I am made up of strings.
They connect every organ,
Every muscle,
Every movement,
Sending thoughts running through them,
Like little bursts of bright light
That travel so fast,
And then it's there
At its destination
Giving clear directions,
Rerouting emotions,
Or causing confusion.

But no matter where the string originates,
It makes a stop, detours.
They are always tied to the heart,
Thin, beautiful strings,
Radiating from every direction,
Touching every surface,
Vibrating with every beat of life,
Moving in rhythm,
And sending and receiving those tiny bursts of light.

Some strings are strong, pulled tight.
They are grounded, safe from harm.
Their messages never waver,

And come in at a steady pace,
Moving with the rhythm of the heart.
But others are wispy and weak.
They are fraying, separating into pieces,
Becoming undone as the light moves through them,
With such speed that you can barely discern
The flash as it passes you by.

But my strings are breaking,
One by one,
As they are being plucked from the surface of the heart.
And they are falling
Into the dark unknown,
Taking their light
And leaving me empty,
Disconnected from the heart.

I am made of strings,
And they are breaking,
Slowly and all at once.
I try to get control,
try to tie them back together,
So that they reconnect,
And reestablish that perfect balance.
But the rhythm grows weaker and weaker.
Without strings,
The music of the soul no longer sounds.
There is a silence inside of me.

A Token of Remembrance

Alyssa Cook

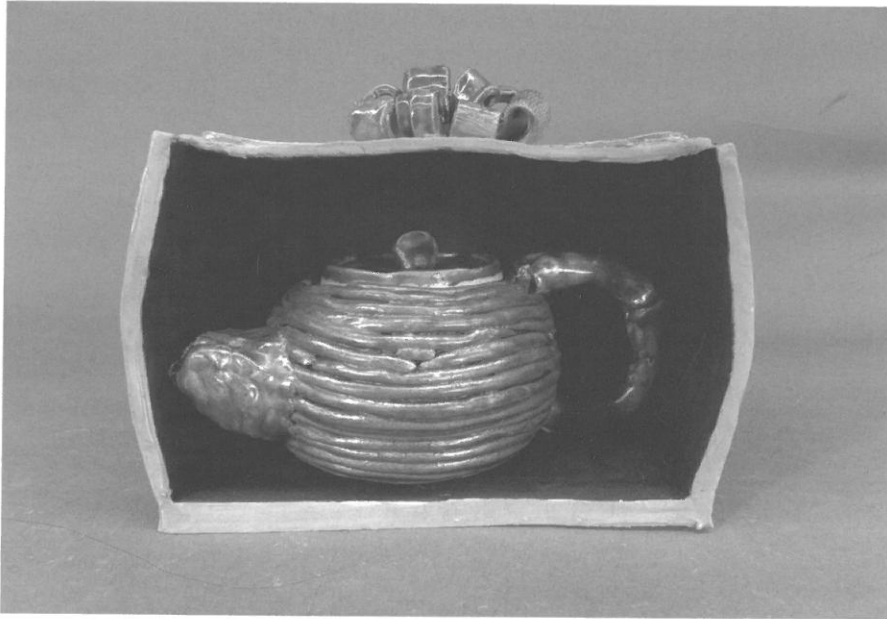
Lodged between the old oak planks
Of a weathered, leaf-strewn bench
A silver button shines,
Gold in the fortune seeker's tray,
Primrose rising from filthy slush of winter,
Fingerprint of someone—come and gone—
Who didn't expect moments to be captured
By silver token engraved with pointed cross.
This bench beyond the trees and shrubs,
Enclosed by nature's curtains, holds its memories
Of girls and boys come for inspiration,
To chance upon some magic in the moonlight
And perhaps to leave such silver keys
As tokens of remembrance.

But perhaps this clasp was left by other men,
Shadowy forms with chivalry branded on their breasts,
And courage billowed up inside their heads,
And ale's haunting musk still clinging to their breaths.
Perhaps, their token was torn from medaled jackets
Of men with lances drawn to pierce the hearts of foes.
Or perhaps, given to a lady love,
Who, keeping company with Juliet and Desdemona,
Knew no woe as deeply as his absence.
Or perhaps, fallen from the gray and sea-worn chest
Which overflowed with many of its kind,

Loot of a thousand pirates' blackest business,
Lost as a trifle compared to glittering doubloons.
(Though now he knows it's gone, he'll want it back.)

Or, I suppose it stands to reason
That a timid girl once laid upon this bench
While the timid boy beside her tried to fit
And got his button caught and torn away
By one park bench's memory-laden grip.

Patience Keen, *The Dream*, 10"x14"x10"



April Nights

Ashley R Brinkman

Lately, during the long nights where sleep is nowhere in sight, after having spent many hours in the studio painting, printmaking, and singing at the top of my lungs, I have found myself wandering down the dim lit sidewalks and pathways that surround the campus, their cracked surfaces and rock debris providing more ambient noise to the blissful spray of the water fountain that keep me company in the night, though the chilling April winds wrap around me like a loving embrace, similar to the way my mother had when I was child, but the winds now seem to know what I need, where my mother did not-- or maybe it was me, the quiet one, the chubby one, the one with ruddy cheeks and a stutter, who could not hug the woman who gave me life correctly, maybe it is because I find myself on these late night walks remembering what my grandmother had felt like the last time we hugged, a little too tight, and longer than what was normal for the both of us, mostly because neither of us were “huggy feely” people who thrived in those situations where more than a pat on the back or knee were required; my grandmother and I were very close though we may have lacked the normal conventions that are typical for a grandmother/granddaughter relationship of the time, a time when traditions, like quilting and spending summer days canning garden fresh vegetables and overripe fruits, were long gone and considered too old fashion, but I still long for those days when I could remember her voice and her warm hand patting my sweat covered back and brushing the hair out of my face; days when everything was “just so” and it felt all right to be called Kathy, Erin, or Christine though my name is Ashley, and I cannot help but only remember my grandma, tubes shoved up her nose, with my dad crying by her side and my grandpa, her husband, standing guard at the foot of her bed, ever the soldier, pushing on when others cannot march on, I am marching now Grandma, on the these cold April nights, with the wind to hold me now that you no longer can.

Meghan Hennessey, *Divenire* 16.75" x 14"



Daughter

Vivian Myers

Brushing against my toes
The silky water slows
Moving deeper into crashing waves
The sea, bound to me it saves

Touching my knees with force
Bringing me into the current of course
Handle me with care
I'll be yours forever I swear

The warmth and water takes me under
I leave my mind to wonder
I'll be safe with the water
For I am its daughter

The Wolf You Feed

Mark Seely

The late afternoon sun stretches a shadow preposterously across the field and up the rusted shell of a pickup truck. It could have been the shadow of Geronimo, or one of his young Apache warriors. It could have been the shadow of Sitting Bull, when he was still called Tatanka Yotanka and wore his braided feather with pride. It could have been the shadow of Crazy Horse, whose original Lakota name meant either “in the wilderness” or “among the trees.” It could have been the shadow of Tecumseh, or his brother with the gift of sight. It could have been the shadow of Wavoka of the Paiute.

But the shadow has a far more humble source: my own back turned against the sun—a horseless warrior of untested courage with eyes that strain to interpret the clear and palpable present. And while my eyes fight to maintain their focus, the shadow’s gathered darkness begins to fold in on itself at the grassy edges as if to unwrap the past and send Wavoka’s spirit through to braid my scattered thoughts into purposeful strands.

Or maybe it is something about the wind.

There comes a time when a people have been held down for so long that the last vestiges of cultural identity start to fade and even the grandmothers have trouble remembering how things used to be, how they are supposed to be, a time when a potent kind of reality-defying courage sets in. It occurs just as the last embers of hope for return to the old ways extinguish, when the cold reality of the situation—and its permanence—takes hold. It is then, after reality has steadfastly refused to accommodate the demands of desire, that desire seeks its final refuge in dreams.

There have been those rare occasions, of course, in which courage has won out—at least for a time. There have been occasions in which the jaws of the all-consuming leviathan have been made to burst apart from their own expanding force, leaving in their bloody wake a period of calm rediscovery before the next monstrous incarnation lumbers over the eastern horizon. But courage by itself, even courage fortified by dream, is no match for a creature that is incapable of fear or pain, a creature that might be wounded

but never killed, a creature that when dismembered only reassembles more durably, a creature that when beaten back only regenerates into a more ravenous form, a lethal and incurable cancer.

The pattern has repeated countless times through the last eight or nine thousand years and on every peopled continent—desire forced to seek its final refuge. Those dreams that don't completely dissolve to ash are inevitably re-appropriated as images to adorn newly-crafted versions of history, nostalgic artifacts as evidence that the conquered were worthy if inferior opponents, that conquest was for the victim's benefit: a compassionate cultural euthanasia. So in our own time we have museums where the great grandchildren of agents of genocide can marvel at the sophisticated stitching and the primitive earthy texture of deerskin shoes behind a glass case, shoes worn by a young girl bludgeoned to death as she tried to run from the soldiers who had just shot her father in the back of the head while he slept and disemboweled her pregnant mother.

Courage and dream are insufficient. There is something else, some additional element necessary to render an effective alchemy.

And the wind chants an ancient hymn. Hey-a-a-hey! Hey-a-a-hey! Hey-a-a-hey!

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One day an old Cherokee brave told his grandson that inside every person there is a battle between two wolves. One wolf is the evil wolf. It is hatred, lies, anger, envy, sorrow, arrogance, and the like. The other wolf is the good wolf. It is love, kindness, peace, joy, empathy, charity, happiness, and the like. After the boy thought on this for a while, he asked his grandfather, "Which wolf wins?" To which the old man replied, "The one you feed."

While teaching a class on how to make a traditional elk skin drum, a Navajo man told the old Cherokee story of the two wolves. He also told what he called "a new Indian story" about the giving tree, although it sounded suspiciously like the reworking of a children's book that I once read to my daughter. He started by asking what the tree does for us, the specific services trees provide such as food, shade, breathable air, warm fire, and wood for making the frames for Navajo drums. The students in the class provided several other examples, and it was clear that the list could go on for some time. The tree

gives all these things freely, the man said, and it does so without ever asking anything in return. The tree always gives and never takes. You can cut off the tree's arms (notice we call our own arms limbs, he said), and it doesn't complain. You can drive nails into its body to hang a yard sale sign or carve your sweetheart's initials deep into its skin, and although it bleeds sap from its wounds, still it gives freely. The tree is always ready to give. You can cut it off from its roots, strip off its leaves and branches and bark, soak it in chemicals and pine tar, put it into a hole without any root base for support and nourishment, and force it to hold up heavy telephone and electrical wires for years and years, and still it answers to its task without complaint. It never holds a grudge over past misdeeds. It never refuses out of spite or anger to give what is asked of it. The man ended the story by explaining that we should all strive to be like the tree, strive to never take and always be willing to give freely regardless of past transgressions. Never ask what's in it for us.

As I worked the fringe of a moist swatch of elk hide into shape by pulling it across the rounded metal back of a folding chair as if I was trying to thin the edges of a stubborn leather piecrust, it occurred to me that this story was being told by someone who was born and raised on a reservation, and that that fact was not incidental to the story's meaning and its intended moral. The intended message is obviously about the importance of charity and humility and forgiveness, very noble character aspirations. But this story also contains another message, a dark and decidedly inhuman message to accept the role of victim without question, to not protest your lot in life, and to continue to give to those in power regardless of how they frame their demands—even after they have taken everything and you have nothing left to give but your very life itself. At its root, the story of the giving tree is not a story of humility or empathy or forgiveness or charitable beneficence, it is a story of subjugation and domination so thoroughgoing that the blind acceptance of oppression has been made into a virtue.

The giving tree? Every minute a moist swatch of rain forest the size of a football field is forcefully and permanently “gifted” out of existence—three and a half million trees an hour.

It is probably no accident that all of the major religions of civilization incorporate

some variation on this theme into their ethics. The Christian is told that the struggles of this life are a test, and that the most painful personal loss is all part of God's inscrutable plan. The pious are willing to shoulder the grief and misery others forcefully pile on them during this life because the truly righteous will be rewarded in the afterlife. After all, it is the meek who inherit the earth. Religious mandate renders inert the incendiary fact that the relationship between those who are made to shoulder and those who provide the load is not a voluntary one. The Buddhist approach too, and perhaps in a more meticulous and exhaustive way than the Christian, conveniently serves the interests of power. For the Buddhist, corporeal reality is an illusion with no real substance, and attachment to this illusion is the root of all suffering. Possessions are an obstacle to nirvana. Those in power are doing the rest of us a favor by arranging for our material impoverishment. Even more absurd, the wealthy, with their full bellies and comfortable living conditions, are not to be envied, but are instead to be pitied for their spiritual ignorance—they only think they are living the good life. Karma's a bitch.

And is it then a mysterious and unexplainable paradox that the bloodiest massacres have holy agendas: the crusades of Christians, the jihads of Muslims?

Civilization is designed specifically to exploit and channel the coercive motivating potential of unequal access to power and resources. The more complex the civilization, the more nuanced and sophisticated the unequal access has to be. Inequality is a prerequisite for division of labor, and the base metal for civilization. All would be fine if every job was equally rewarding or equally dreadful. But somebody has to do the planning and brainwork, and coal doesn't mine itself. And you need far more coal miners than planners, so power and access are by necessity pyramidal in structure, with the masses performing the least pleasant work while an elite minority reaps almost all of the benefits. No system based on subjugation of the masses could ever be made to work without pervasive fear and an extremely potent mythology of justification—and plenty of outright violence, of course. When Buddha proclaimed that "life is suffering," he was speaking to a civilized audience, and his message was directed at the masses on behalf of the elite, quelling resistance and greasing the psychological gears of exploitation. Five hundred years later Jesus advised turning the other cheek, and, while you are at it, be sure

to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

But there is something even more insidious about the Navajo drum maker's tree story than its diversion of blame and undercurrent of genocidal codependency, something that bothered me at the time I heard it and still bothers me deeply, something that feels uncomfortably like self-immolation.

Lexi Feilds, *Trees* 18"x24"



Gloria Mundi

Thomas Day

There is a glory to the world,
An empty heaven with flag unfurled:
Gladiators in amphitheaters,
Throwing footballs forty meters.
Idols singing on the stage,
Arms outstretched and bosoms raised,
And we have freedom of word and choice,
As the NSA records our voice,
With entertainment that we buy and own,
That makes it easy to die alone.
Our food is cheap as it ever has been,
As it kills lab rats and is fed to men.
For now we are equal, under roman rod,
And we just had to kill the Son of God.

Magnificent

Katie Davisson

I stare, knowing he doesn't care
His profile is magnificent.

From the curve of his hair
To the slant of his face
To the rise eyebrows
To the upturn of his nose
To the part of his lips
To the line of his jaw,
It's magnificent.

His eyes drink in the moving figures
On my television screen
And I find myself fighting the urge to
Reach out and feel his skin beneath
The tips of my fingers, wondering if
it will feel how I remember, but he turns
to me just then, scaring the feeling away.

"You ok?" he asks.
I say, "I'm magnificent."

Four Seasons of You

Katie Davisson

If people are seasons, you've been every one.

In Spring you were new and shy, nervous laughter,
hidden smiles, and a stomach full of butterflies.

In Summer you were full bloom, loud and vibrant and intoxicating;
all of your colors exposed.

In Fall you began to fade, wilting, but still trying to
hold onto the most beautiful parts of you.

Then Winter came and took you away,
dulling all of your colors and freezing everything warm.

As the snow melts and the sun shines hotter,
I wonder if there will ever be another flower
that catches my eye the way you did,
who blooms so magnificently and
weaves its way into the deepest parts of me.
I wonder if I'll ever go through another season
Where I don't see you in everything,
Even in the smallest gust of wind.

Katie Davison, *Four Seasons of You* 20" x 24"



Joshua D. Smith, *Great Horned Owl*



Ryan Postma, *Nordic Ruin*



Kim McClaghry, *Collage Inspired Painting* 18" x 24"



Bonnie Zimmer, *Rhythms and Interruptions V*. 18"x16"x15"





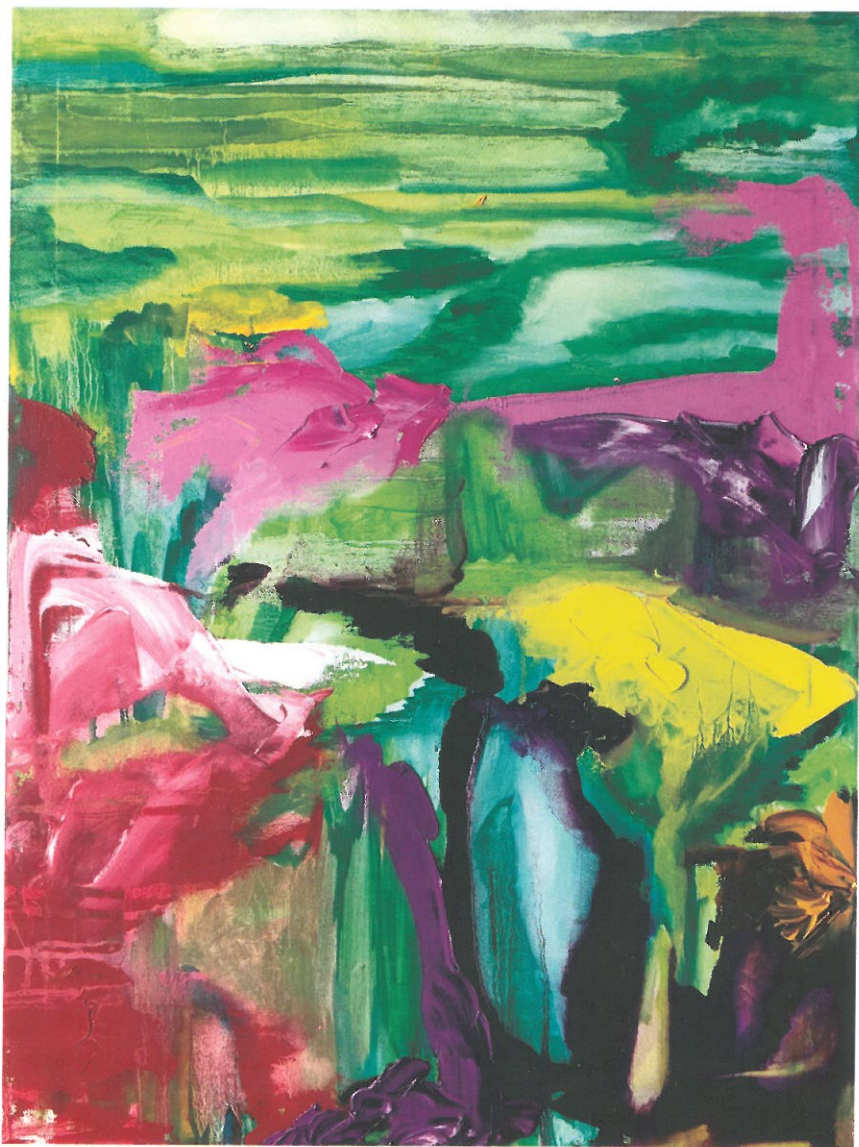
Pam Hueser, *Self Portrait* 10" x 7"



Samantha Rains, *What Has Come to Pass* 18" x 24"



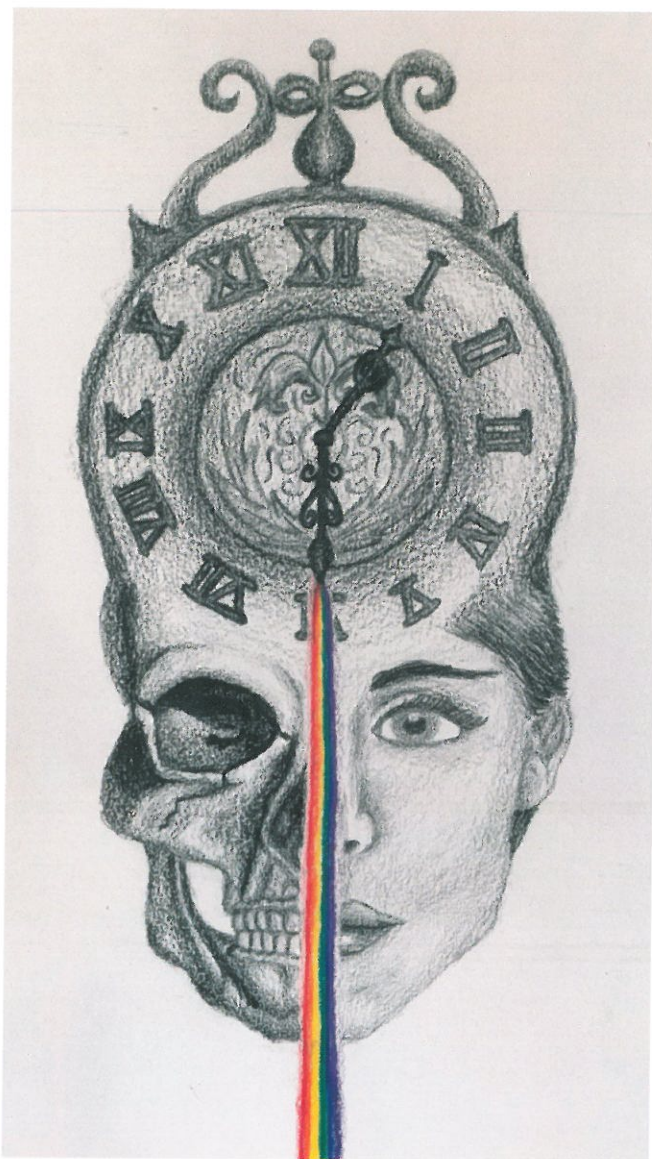
Katie Davison, *A Good Day* 12" x 18"



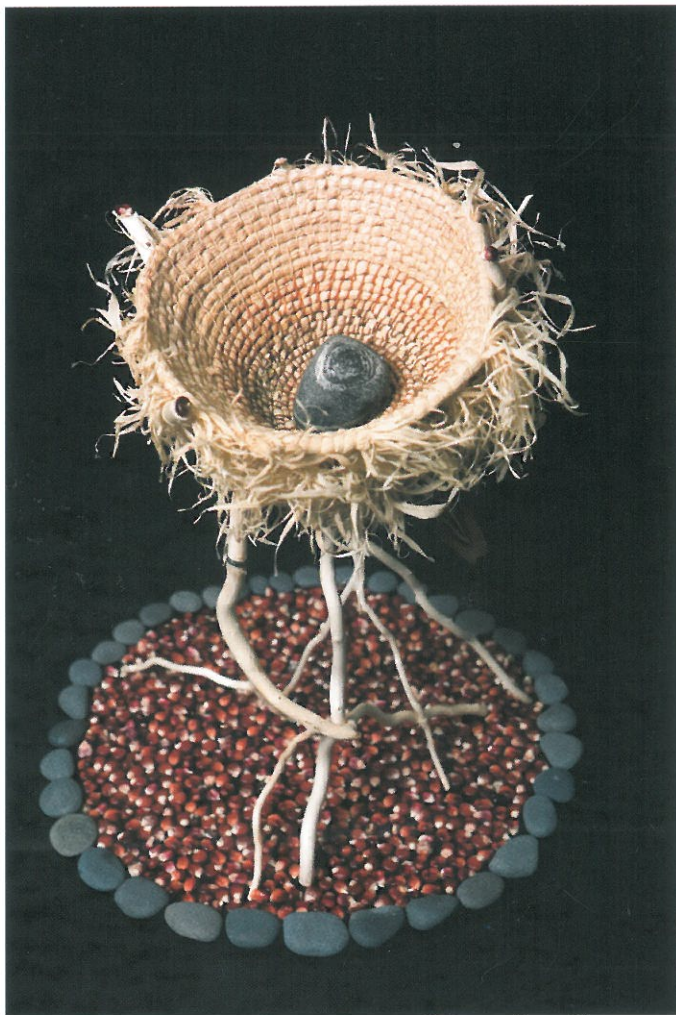
Jennifer Kearney, *The Finale* 8"x10"



Anthony Majewski, *Becoming Alive* 12" x 6"



Bonnie Zimmer, *Harvest Dance Basket* 14" x 9" x 19"



Joshua D. Smith, *Sandhill Crane*, 18" x 28"



Joshua D. Smith, *Great Blue Heron*, 18" x 28"



Rachel Bartz, *Woody* 8" x 10"



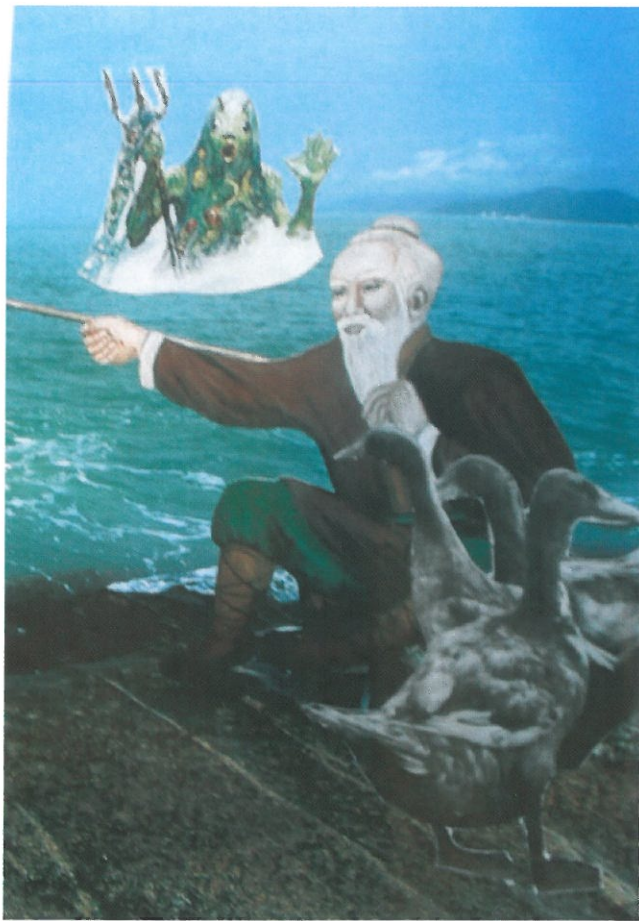
Bonnie Zimmer, *Goddess Vessel Series* 6" x 9" x 6"



Pam Hueser, *Talker* 18" x 24"



Sarah Beetz, *Man at Sea*, 6" x 4"



Kim McClaghry, *Broken Connection*, 8" x 6"



Ashley R Brinkman, *Gelli Print* 8" x 8"



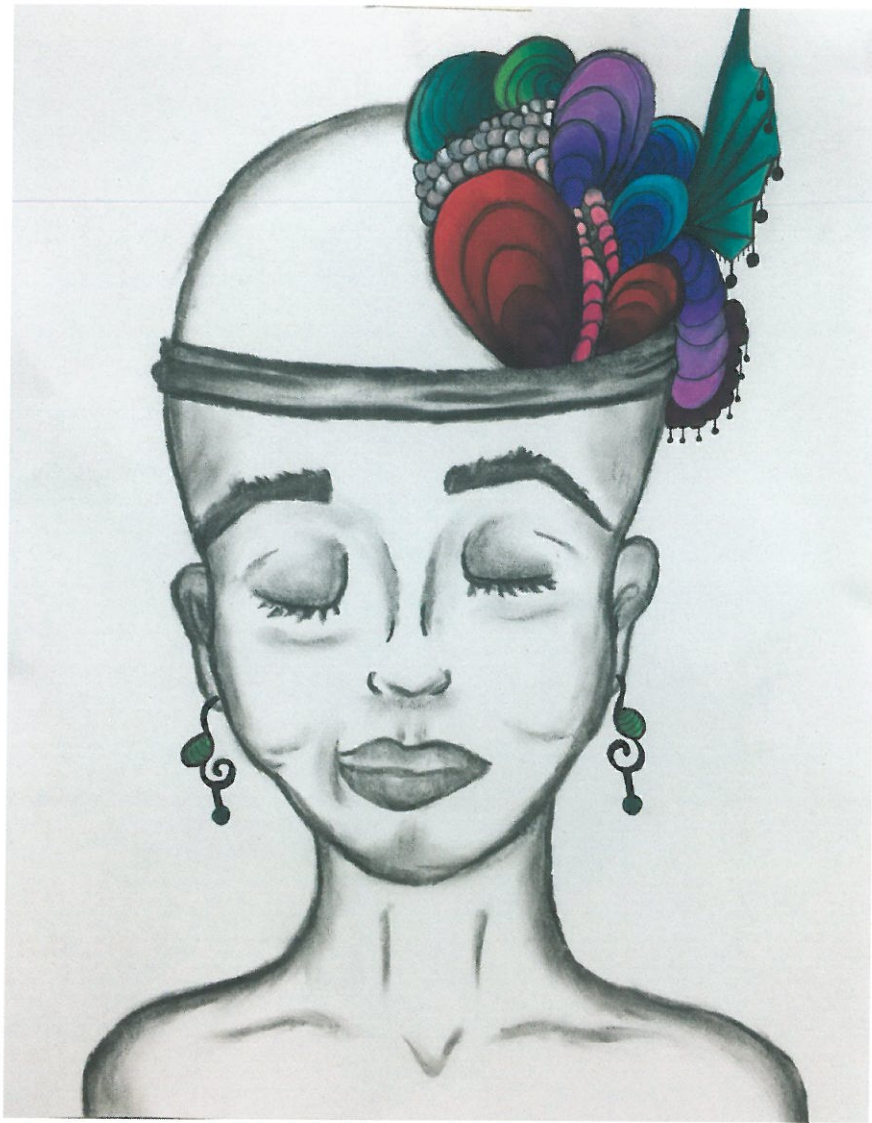
Judy Cummings, *Tea Pot*, 10" x 6" x 6"



Karen Garnajo, *Dreaming*, 16" x 20"



Leann Kooi, *Interpretive Study Series: No. 9*, 8" x 10"



Colon Wright, Tattoo Design, 12" x 18"



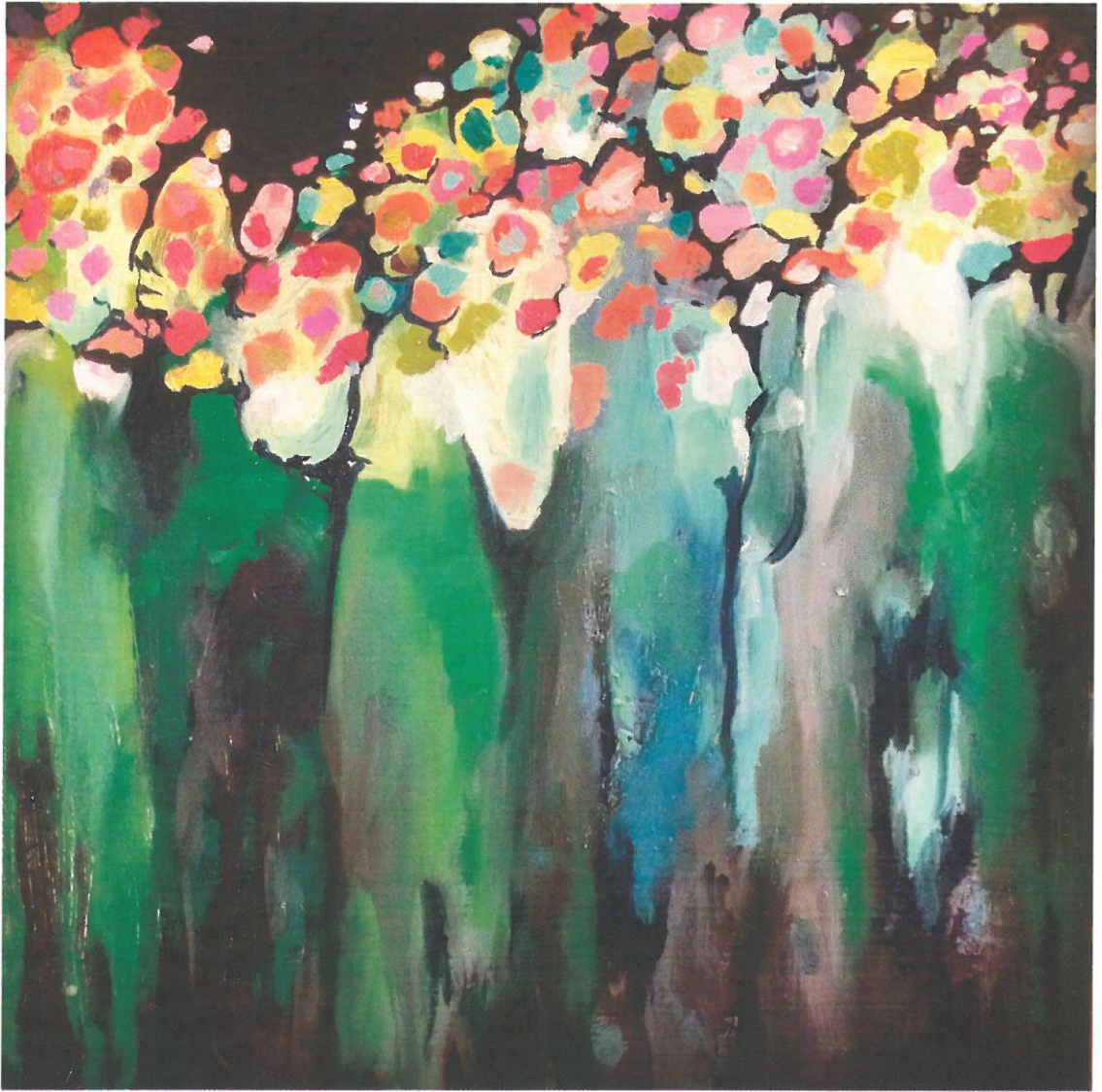
Ceramics Class, *Mug Series*



Ryan Postma, *Guts Cups*



Corey Crum, *Eager Fever*, 12" x 12"



Friends with Benefits

Gloria Leonard

Kissing,
But no hand-holding.
Cuddling,
But without clothes.
Fucking,
But sleeping alone.

Instead of filling a hole,
You're leaving me cold.
There's nothing beneficial
About a stranger I call friend.

Talking,
But not listening.
Touching,
But not feeling.
Present,
But not really here.

Every kiss on my skin
Kills the light inside.
A friend who's never seen me cry
Because he's gone before the sweat dries.

Solstice Sombre

Karen Gramajo

Doth thunder arise?
My mind haunted.

Image instilled surmise
One is taunted.

She knows quite well.
The secret in two.

No memory? Well . . .
She knows the fools.

Crisp air, cold night.
I like it that way.

Recall the street light
With a bench, if you may.

I planned we sit still
And hear the darkness.

Now light clashes.
One the glass.

Clouds in flashes.
I stare and laugh.

I lied, I never did.
A simple frown.

Life goes on, it has.

Ashley R Brinkman, *B.E.E.* 14"x14"



Chapter 1: "Flash of Hot Pink"

Adam Crook

Six-year-old Tyrone Hedrew sat on the edge of his bed, crying, with his Power Ranger action figures all standing up and staring at him. Tyrone was crying because of Brittany. Little, dumb, doo-dee head Brittany.

Ever since Daddy had told him that he would be a big brother, he had been excited. He had been hoping for a little brother, with whom he could throw a football, watch Power Rangers, and wrestle Daddy. But when Daddy took him to see Mommy after his new brother had come he'd been really sad. He didn't get a new brother at all. He'd gotten a new sister. She looked soft and squishy when he first saw her. Daddy and Mommy had told him that her name was Brittany Tania Hedrew, and as her older brother, it was his responsibility to look out for and take care of her when they couldn't.

Brittany never seemed to like him much, though. She never smiled and laughed at him, like she did almost everyone else. And she would always throw up on him whenever he tried to feed her. He was almost positive that she didn't like him. But not only that, she seemed to turn Mommy and Daddy against him too. They seemed to stop caring for him. Daddy never could watch Power Rangers, wrestle, or play catch with him anymore, because he was always doing something with Brittany. And Mommy never let him lay in her bed and never raced through the house with him, because she was also too busy taking care of Brittany. What's more, Daddy was starting his own business, so he was always working. Today, Tyrone had gotten into trouble by Mommy after he'd snuck into Brittany's room when she was asleep and taken her pink and yellow unicorn. When Brittany woke up she screamed because it wasn't with her. When Mommy told him to give it back, he tried to tell her that he was only using it as a captured princess in the battle he was planning for when he got back from school. But Mommy didn't listen to him. She only told him to put it back and to never take his sister's things. Tyrone threw the dumb unicorn back into Brittany's room, ran into his own room, and began to cry.

There was a soft knock at his bedroom door as Daddy entered his room. Tyrone

hadn't seen Daddy since he'd woken Tyrone up earlier that morning. Daddy was super-duper tall. He was dark skinned and, according to other people, muscular. He wore his hair low and had finally finished his shaving. He wore a crisp, white, buttoned shirt, dark jeans, white gym shoes, and his favorite green and white Jets leather jacket. Tyrone didn't stop crying when Daddy picked him up and put him on the edge of his bed. Daddy got down his left knee and waited until Tyrone stopped crying. When he was done crying and only sniffing, Daddy spoke softly.

"Ty, Ty, come on, buddy, relax." After Tyrone had finally finished completely, Daddy grinned. "There you go, Bud, it's OK," he said. "Look, I want to talk with you, but I don't have a whole lot of time."

"Why, Daddy?" Tyrone asked.

"Because I have to be on a plane to San Francisco in three hours," Daddy told him.

"Can I go?" Tyrone asked.

"Sorry, Bud. Not this time," Daddy replied.

Tyrone felt his eyes get big. Daddy took him everywhere. To the grocery store, work, games, even the bar. Why couldn't he go with Daddy this time?

"Why not this time? Take me with you Daddy, Please. I want see the Jets crush the other team, Daddy. Please," Tyrone pleaded.

Daddy just started laughing quietly. "Sorry Ty, not this time. It's a business trip, not an away game trip. Hopefully, I can get Mr. Drakes to sponsor the shipping company your Grandfather and I started." As Daddy talked, his tone became more happy and excited. This always happened whenever Daddy talked about the business that he and his dad had started before Tyrone was born.

"How about as soon as I get back from San Francisco, you and I drive up to Boston to see the Jets crush the Patriots?" Daddy said. Tyrone felt his eyes get as big as Mommy's dinner plates. "Just you and me?" he asked.

Daddy smiled even more. "You bet. You, me, and all those disappointed Patriot's fans. So do we have a deal?" "YOU BET!!!" Tyrone cheered. Daddy was finally going to do something with him, only him. Not Mommy, not Grandpa, and definitely not Brittany.

Him and only him. He hadn't been this excited ever, not even at his 5th birthday when Mommy had gotten him his own special cake, only for him, back in March.

Suddenly Daddy's face got very serious and he said, "But before we do that we need to talk. . . . Your Mother told me about what you did to Brittany." The smiled melted off of Tyrone's face, and he hung his head. Daddy continued, "Ty, you should not have taken her unicorn." Tyrone tried to speak, saying, "But—" but Daddy overrode him, saying, "No 'buts,' Ty. There are no excuses. You shouldn't be mean to your sister. And taking her favorite stuffed animal was a mean thing to do." Daddy got closer to Tyrone, looking him straight in the eye. Brittany needs you. Your Mother needs you. And your new brother or sister is going to need you." At those words, Tyrone's eyes got even bigger than before. "Now how do you expect me to feel comfortable about going on this business trip when I don't have anyone I can trust to look after my family?" Tyrone spoke quickly and forcefully: "You can trust me, Daddy. I will take care of our family while you're in San Francisco!" Daddy smiled slightly and said, "Do you promise to take care of them?" Tyrone sat up a little straighter, nodded, and said, "I promise."

"Good," Daddy said with a big grin on his face. Then Daddy started to study Tyrone intensely, putting his hand to his son's forehead, muttering. When he was finished, he picked Tyrone up and said, "You've got a temperature of about 100 or 101, I'd guess. You should go back to sleep. I'll bring you a cup of ice water and tell your mother that you're not going to school because you've got a temperature." Soon Daddy had picked him up and tucked him tightly into bed. He set a glass of ice water on the table by the bed. As he left the room, Tyrone heard Daddy say softly, "Bye Ty. Love you, Son."

When Tyrone woke up later that day, he felt good. He got up out of his bed and walked into the living room. But something was wrong. The room was completely dark. The T.V. was on, and Mommy was sitting on the couch, hunched over. On the T.V. screen, Tyrone could see two huge buildings; both of the buildings were on fire and were smoking heavily. The screen switched between an image of a smaller, thicker building that had a huge hole in it and a plane that had crashed on a hill. Mommy sat hunched over on the couch. Even though he was far away, Tyrone could see the tears running down Mommy's

face. As Tyrone got closer, ready to comfort Mommy about whatever had upset her, he heard it. Daddy's voice, coming from the phone in Mommy's lap. The voice said,

"So now you know the position I'm in. Me and a couple others are gonna' do something. Never forget, Gloria. I love you more than anything else. You and Ty have been my whole life these past eight years. I love you, Ty, Britt, and the new baby more than you could ever understand. Please tell the kids what happened when you think that they're old enough to understand. Give Britt an extra kiss for me every night. And tell Ty that a man doesn't take what he says lightly, and that it's time to make good on his promise." There was a sigh, and Daddy's voice continued. "I know I've told you this about a million times in the years we have been married, but I'll say it again one last time: I love you, Gloria. Love, Emanuel."

When Daddy's voice had stopped, Tyrone ran back to his room, crawled under his bed, and cried. Daddy wasn't coming home. He had guessed it by the way the message he'd left for Mommy had sounded. As the hot tears ran down his face, Tyrone swore to himself he'd never forget his promise. I'll make Daddy proud, Tyrone swore, I'll take care of my family for my Daddy.

Seventeen-year-old Tyrone walked out of Seattle's St. Bartholomew's High School, home of the Tigers, with his best friends, Zach and Nick. Zach was Caucasian, with black hair and blue eyes. And Nick was mixed, with carmel-colored skin and short dark hair. It was Friday night and all three of them were looking forward to a weekend of chilling and having a good time. They had been at football practice in preparation for Saturday, when they would be playing St. James. They were looking forward to totally crushing the team.

"Hey Ty. You mind giving me a ride home today?" Nick asked as they walked to the school parking lot.

"Sorry. Can't. I gotta go get Jay from his karate practice. And the dojo is the opposite way from your house," Ty said.

"Damn, I hate taking the bus home," Nick cursed.

"What for?" both Tyrone and Zach asked together.

"It's always loud, and every time some stupid shit happens." Nick sighed. Both Tyrone and Zach laughed at their friend.

They kept walking, finally getting to the near-empty parking lot. "Why didn't you ask me to give you a ride?" Zach asked when they got to his car.

"Cause. No offense, Zach. Your car smelled like shit ever since Navy had diarrhea and got shit all over your car," Nick said with a serious look on his face. Tyrone started to laugh.

But Zach looked annoyed. "I got the car cleaned, and my dad got the upholstery changed. It's got that new car smell again."

"And when did it first have that new car smell? 1985?" Tyrone joked.

"Shut up, Ty! So Nick, you want a ride or what? I'm not waiting forever," Zach said, unlocking the car and stowing his bags in the trunk.

Nick cast the car another suspicious glance, sighed, and dropped his own bags into the truck. They both got into the car, and Zach revved the engine. Out of the window, Zach asked, "What time should we go to your place tonight?" Tyrone had to stop and think about that. He'd love to have his best friends with him as he prepared for one of the biggest games of the year. But he couldn't. When his mother had left for Miami, he'd promised to look after the house and his siblings. He'd promised his brother Jacob that he'd spend the night with him playing video games and watching movies. And he didn't want to see the kids' faces when he canceled their night of fun. He made a decision right there.

"Sorry guys, can't. Promised Jay we'd do something together tonight. But come tomorrow, because he's spending the night at Uncle Amos's so they can go to the big auto show downtown together," Tyrone said. Behind Zach, Nick called, "What about Brittany?"

Tyrone scowled internally, as he did whenever someone mentioned his little sister. "How should I know? I'm pretty sure she went with my mom to Houston for the weekend, but even if she didn't, come over anyway. She'll stay out of our way. I'll see to that."

"Ok cool," Zach called, as he pulled out of the parking lot.

Tyrone kept walking toward his own car. He'd gotten the car between his sophomore and junior years. It was a nice, classic cherry-apple red 2008 Dodge Charger. He and Uncle Amos had fixed it together after they'd found it totaled and abandoned. It had taken them six long months to get the car in working condition again. After they finished, Tyrone had to scrape together \$575 in order to keep the car. When he'd finally saved enough money, he paid his uncle for the car and named it "Cherie." The name had been his uncle's idea. His uncle had always told him that naming a vehicle made it more alive and personal. Tyrone had chosen that name because he liked it; no other reason than that.

Tyrone got in the car, revved the engine, and pulled out of the school parking lot. He rode about 15 minutes before he pulled into the parking lot of the karate dojo. He saw his 11-year-old brother, Jacob, standing in front of the door. Jay was leaning against the glass, talking to a group of boys who must have been students of the dojo as well. Jay was shorter than average and was kinda skinny. He wore a white t-shirt, gray jogging pants, and white and black Nike Air Force Ones. On his back was an olive green backpack and black sports bag. When Jay saw him pull him into the parking lot, he ran to the car and jumped in. After about five minutes of silence, Tyrone asked him what he planned on doing for the night.

"Party. Since I gotta' waste my weekend at the auto show with Uncle Amos, I want to have the best time ever," Jay said with a huge smile. Tyrone sighed and said, "It's not that bad. Auto shows are cool. You get to see all the cool, new cars, motorcycles, and other vehicles."

Jay looked at Tyrone. "That's you and Uncle Amos's thing. I can care less about cars. I only care about Kung Fu."

"Yeah, I know. Hey. Do me a favor? Call home to see if Britt is there."

When they finally got to the apartment, Tyrone walked in, went to his room, and got changed. The apartment that they lived in was a large four-bedroom apartment with two bathrooms. His room was the second one going down the hallway. The room to the left of Tyrone's was his mother's room. The room to the right of Tyrone's was Jay's. The last room going down the hallway was Britt's. Her room was the only one with a fire

escape. Tyrone had wanted have that room, but it had been given to Brittany. The inside of Tyrone's room was nice. He had a queen-sized bed with a 60-inch television mounted on the wall across from it. He had a night stand on the right side of his bed. And on his walls were fathead logos of his favorite sports teams: the Cincinnati Bengals, the Nashville Predators, and the Chicago Bulls.

When Tyrone left his room, he found Jay in the family room watching T.V. Jay saw him walk in and asked, "Hey, can you go and order a pizza? Please, I'm starved." Tyrone just looked at him. "How do you plan to pay for the pizza?" Jay shot him a mischievous grin and said, "Mom left 175 bucks for Uncle Amos. But if we use 25 of it, Uncle Amos would only think that she left him of 150 bucks in the first place." Tyrone laughed out loud. When did his brother become so devious? As if reading his mind, Jay said "I got it from you bro." Tyrone laughed again and went to order the pizza.

Tyrone stood in the kitchen and ordered a pizza from Takar's Pizza, where he got a 30% discount because he was one of their fastest delivery boys.

That done, Tyrone went back into the living room and sat on the couch while Jay got the game ready for them to play NBA2k12. Tyrone only played one quarter of play before the doorbell rang. Tyrone got up and walked over to the door thinking that there was no way that they had finished and delivered the pizza in less than 45 minutes. When Tyrone opened the door, he was shocked. At the door was a boy of about 20 or 21. He was the same complexion as Tyrone, with short black hair with waves and trimmed facial hair. He wore a white and gold t-shirt with black jeans and yellow, white, and black-checkered slip shoes. Before Tyrone could even say anything, Jay called from the couch, "X!!" Jay jumped up off of the couch and tackle-hugged X. When Jay finally released X, X stared at Tyrone again.

"I know it's been, what, like two, maybe three years since I last saw you, but I didn't think you'd forget who I was." Tyrone kept staring silently. "Well," X said, "since it seems that you have forgotten who I am, I'll remind you. My name's Xavier Jordanson. I'm four years older than you and at least three times better looking. I got a full academic scholarship to University of Miami. I have a major of Electrical Engineering and a double

minor of Industrial and Mechanical Engineering. I have a girlfriend name Rosalinda. An' I also know that you, Ty, pissed your bed until you were 14 years old."

At those last words, Tyrone surged forward and pushed X in the chest. "X, you damn liar!"

X just laughed and pushed Tyrone back. "So now you remember me?" he said, smiling broadly. X looked at both Jay and Tyrone and asked "Where's Britt?" Jay said,

"She's in her room. She said that she had a project to do for school and didn't want to be bothered."

X nodded at Jay and said "Get some more clothes. I'm taking you to Dad's place tonight. He wants you to come to the house tonight so you can go to the Auto show early tomorrow."

"Aren't you going?" Jay asked surprised.

"Nope, I got stuff to take care of tonight and tomorrow. So that means that we need to leave here quickly." Jay grumbled and complained, but eventually went to his room to get packed.

Tyrone and X sat in the family room, talking. What about? Both everything and nothing.

Tyrone asked X eventually, "I'm curious, how did you get here anyway?"

"I rode Bee," X said, as if he should have known it was an obvious fact. Bee was X's favorite motorcycle. It was a yellow and black Suzuki motorcycle. X had gotten it as an anonymous graduation present. At least, that was what X thought. Uncle Amos had gotten it because X had gotten a full ride, and he thought X had earned it.

Tyrone was shocked. "You rode Bee all the way from Miami?" X just nodded.

"How long did it take?" Tyrone asked.

X thought for a couple minutes and said, "About two and a half days. It was long, but I enjoyed myself. I got a motel whenever I was sleepy. Plus it gave me a lot of time to think."

Tyrone was curious. "About what?" he asked.

X laughed. "The better question is what didn't I think about: Family, College, God, Rose, everything. I think I just needed the alone time, 'cause there's a shit load of

stuff going on with me right now.”

Tyrone nodded. He understood where X was coming from. Sometimes you needed time to work out your problems for yourself. They sat in silence, waiting for Jay to return. When he finally did, twenty minutes later, he was dressed in an olive green t-shirt, black jogging pants, and his favorite Air-Force Ones on his feet. He had his sports bag packed again and slung over his shoulder.

When he walked in, X yawned, stood, stretched, and headed toward the door. Jay walked after him asking, “Can’t we just stay for the pizza? It should be here in a couple minutes.” X opened the front door and turned to face Jay. “Sorry, bud, but I told you before, I got stuff to do later, so we gotta’ get a move on.”

Maybe twenty minutes after X and Jay left, the pizza showed up. Two family-sized sausage and pepperoni pizzas. How was he supposed to eat all that pizza? He probably could, but he didn’t want to. After eating half of the first pizza, Tyrone was so tired that he fell asleep on the couch.

When Tyrone woke up, he looked at the clock. It showed that it was 11:30. He checked his phone. Jay had sent him a message telling him that he and X had made it to Uncle Amos’s and he’d see him on Sunday. Tyrone decided that this was a good time to go to bed and started to clean up the family room and kitchen. When Tyrone cleaned the kitchen, he noticed that the pizza was exactly the same as how he’d left it earlier that evening. Tyrone was surprised. He’d expected that Brittany would at least take a couple of slices for something to eat. Pepperoni pizza was one of her favorite foods. And Brittany was sort of greedy when it came to things that she liked. I wonder what the big idea is, he thought. He put two pieces of pizza on a plate and walked back to Britt’s room. When Tyrone got to her room, he found that her door was unlocked. So he went in.

When Tyrone opened the door and stepped into the room, he dropped the plate of food in shock.

The fire escape door was wide open, Brittany’s room was completely trashed, and Brittany was nowhere to be found.

The Rest of Forever

Katie Davisson

and we'll keep things casual for the rest of forever,
but I'll look at you and know your brother's name, and how you got your scars, and the way you look right when you wake up, and how you can't sleep the same way for too long or your back will hurt, and the places on your body that you hated but I loved, and how your eyes look when you're sad.

and you'll look at me and remember my best friends' names and the way I used to talk about them, and how scared I am of not being enough, and the way I just wouldn't talk and you'd be OK with it, and how many shots it takes for me to open up.

and we'll both walk around and hold all of these stories inside of us with nothing to do with them, and when we graduate, I'll hug you and wish you the best and I'll mean it.

I'll always mean it.

And we'll pretend we didn't change each other entirely.

A Real Goodbye

Meghan Hennessey

It had happened many times before yours,
One-year leases, to end at the season turn.
Pats on their necks and swift farewells,
No worry for their future or further thought.

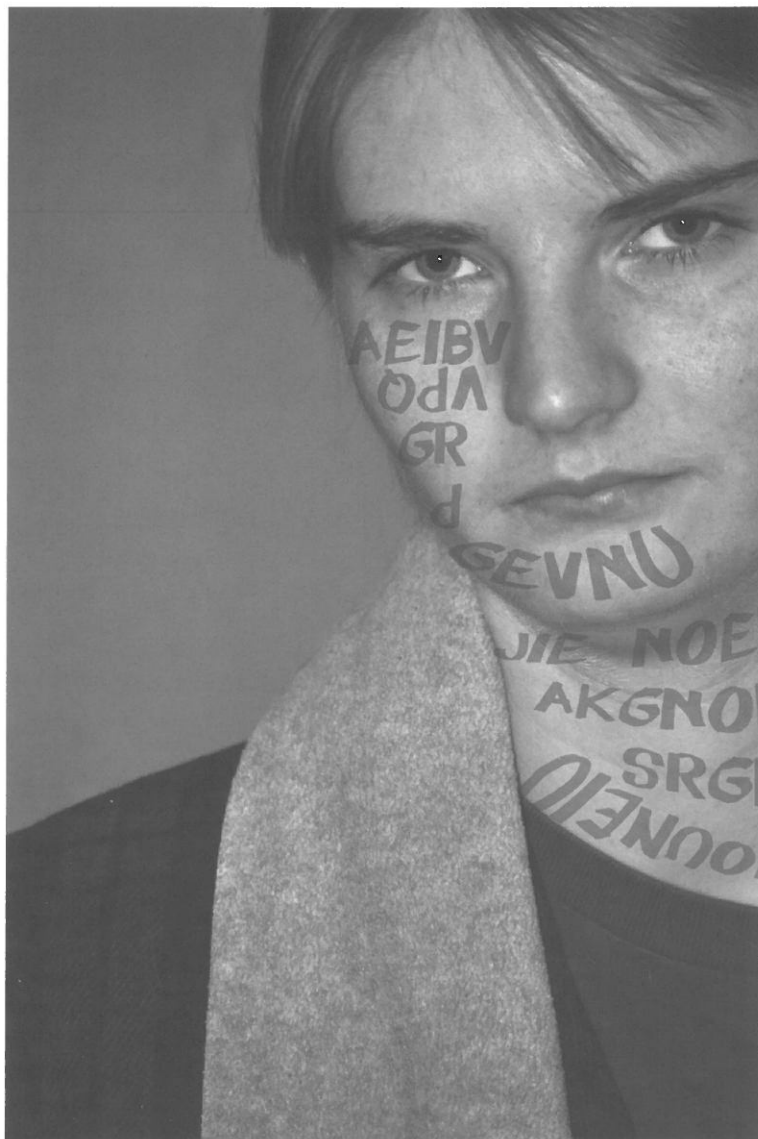
Not so with you, I felt your good bye.

Wrapping my arms around, holding you still,
I inhaled, exhaled, imprinting that musty
Scent in my memory. I won't forget, I won't.
You turned back, clopping out to pasture.

Driving home, I felt them slipping out,
Those few warm drops, gliding down.
Some other young girl will hold you next,
Feel your soft spotted pelt, mane, and tail.

She cannot love you as I do.

Jennifer Kearney, *Dyslexia* 8" x 10"



A Misinterpretation of Cosmology

Alyssa Cook

We look to a ceiling
Adorned with colored lights,
Like the droplet bulbs
On the garland-wrapped tree boughs
Of the universe.
A man with a square jaw,
And a level gaze,
And a voice that creaks like an attic door
Talks of these Christmas lights
On graphs with arrows
And terminology in Arial 12.
He calls them "hot air."
He reduces them to numbers.
They're sketched as dots on a plane.
They're made of letters with different masses,
And so are we.
And some man in a white coat
Who didn't hear the aesthetics of his words
Named it "starstuff."

But I hear "starstuff"
And see it in the photos
And can almost touch it—
I swear I can!
I'm there in the darkness,
Weightless, careless.

Haze spins around me like a faerie mist
Blue, and green, and pink,
Yellow-gold for Sodium,
And the hellish Lithium-red.
I float among the clouds of dust,
Glowing brightly.
The glittering light is all around me,
And in me,
In skin, and hair, and flashing eyes.
Twirling there as light hangs in the darkness,
I know no answers or questions.
How my hand cuts through the wispy clouds—
Where I am suspended
In universe or time—
How I live
Or who I love—
The floor below me goes for miles;
It never ends. Or seems to begin.
And as this magic brushes my fingertips,
I only know
I am.

Float Away

Kylie Hill

If I were a ghost,
I'd just disappear.
I'd close my eyes
And make a silent prayer.
My skin would fade away,
Become transparent
Until nothing was left.

I wouldn't stay here.
No, I wouldn't lurk around
Haunting enemies,
Lingering with friends,
Sending signs and signals.

No. I'd evaporate into thin air
And reappear in a space
That's just for me—
A place with soft, green grass,
Flowers of all colors and glorious scents
With hills and mountains all around,
Birds that sing their cheery lullabies
And a stream that always moves,
Providing a babble that creates a precious melody.

I want a place just for me,

To be free from this life.
I want to feel the cool wind fill my lungs,
Blow through my hair and gently touch my face,
To feel the grass and earth curl around my feet.
I want to hear the songs of the birds, crickets,
Leaves of the trees, and water currents
As they float through the color gradient sky.

I want to forget the things of this Earth,
To float away to my sanctuary, my peace,
Just evaporate into thin air,
To my perfect paradise.

Lexi Fields, *The Nunnery*, 18" x 24"



The Wonderers, the Searchers, and the Realists

Hannah Wallace

This abyss; the trees and the mist and the blue sky and the lives that may or may not be in existence. I wonder about it all. But I question what there is to even wonder. It's like I'm looking for an answer to a question that never existed. Will there ever be one? I keep wondering and—

“The answer, my friend, is to believe that there is not.”

As I looked past the old oak tree that towered over the stream flowing across majestic rocks of ivory gold, a wise, old man appeared from a quaint cottage hidden behind the vines that dangled from the tops of this tree across the stream to the entrance of what I would soon know to be the beginning of an answer to my infinite wonders.

“Hi, hi my name is—”

“I know very well who you are, young man.”

“How did you hear me? How do you know my thoughts, how—when did that cottage appear?”

For a brief moment it all felt like this journey was beginning to make sense—but the next, this moment to me seemed all too much like a fantasy. They told us to not believe in it, the enchantment of illusion. But that is precisely why I left. I refused to be corrupted into their pragmatic ways of life. And so then, I decided I would certainly allow this spectacle to enchant me to the best of its abilities.

“Oh,” he chuckled, “you never do stop with the questions, do you? I forget about you wonderers sometimes.”

“Wonderers,” I thought, “Am I the wonderer? Could you be the seeker?” I asked as the old man stared with his keen eyes into the abyss. It must be him, and if that is him, then that means I most certainly am . . . Yes, yes of course. That has to be why I'm here. You can tell me why I'm here, can't you? What is the answer to all of this?”

“The answer, I told you, my friend, is to believe there is not one,” the old, wise man continued with a sense of certainty. “If you wish to ponder the extremities of

that statement, allow your mind to see the light and the dark because both will appear. However, if you one day find the dark too great in existence to see elsewhere, do not mind my objection to your thoughts. For even if the dark seems too large, the light will show so long as you do not let fear fall upon you.

“Keep in mind, the beauty of not receiving an answer resides in the mind that always wanders. Those who do, however, the wonderers, they sometimes achieve thoughts with such depth that they fall into a false reality. And those who do not are sometimes driven to the falseness of contentment that lingers in the minds of the realists. To strive for contentment, yes, but to remain in that state, never. And that, my friend, is why we need the realists and the wonderers to fill this void in the universe where unanswered dreams rest.

“But, promise me to be delicate and cautious with your thoughts, and to not confuse wondering with searching. Those who search, search endlessly and often miss the beauties that lie beneath their feet. There is a fine line between the wonderers, the searchers, and the realists. You must be certain to acknowledge and cherish all you have in this precious moment, and while keeping your mind gratified, do not ever stop dreaming.”

“I wish there were another word for that,” I said. “Dreams . . . I think there are far too many people in this world who view dreams as ideas we have that are too distant from reality to be something real.”

“But it hasn’t stopped you,” he said. And he turned to look at me with the eyes of time that peered into my soul, the eyes that told me I had more to this quest.

“No,” I said smiling, “it hasn’t.”

“That is why you’re here. That’s why there are ones like you who ask the questions.”

“Is that why I found you? You’re the answer,” I said.

“Oh, no, never. Never let my words hold the definition of an answer. Let this bring you insight, but allow yourself to keep wondering. Take my words and do what you will, but take your eyes and seek the sight that only your vision can create and think the thoughts only your mind can know and share that knowledge when the time is right.

Expose it to the world. When you do, you may find that answers, my friend, lead to infinite wonders.”

And just like that, he disappeared. Into the abyss of wonder, the unimaginable beauty that stretched out before my eyes. Leaving me to find the unanswerable question of the universe. And so I went, believing I was the wonderer, and that it was now my fate to search for this infinite meaning as to why this enchanting quest was so necessary to believe in.

Ashley R Brinkman, *A Street in Germany* 10" x 10"



Nature Is With Me

Vivian Myers

Walking to clear my mind
With society left behind
The brook it babbled loud and clear
Leaving me with thought of no fear

The breeze whispered through the trees
And hearing the buzzing bees
This time in spring is my time alone
This time here is my time at home

This garden is full of seed
That fills my every need
This place it fills my soul
Now I'm finally whole

My face is wet
My plan is set
Society is against me
Nature is with me

Butterflies

Katie Davisson

There was a time when I saw you that butterflies fluttered.
They swarmed in my stomach and made my face light up with a smile.
They made me stumble over words and my hands shake with happiness.

Now, when I see you there is only a feeling of dread,
A sinking feeling that goes through my stomach and into my heart.
It squeezes so hard and catches in my throat.

My hands no longer shake, they know the truth.
My smile is a little fake, it doesn't come from you.
And the butterflies? All of them are dead.

I Promise

Katie Davisson

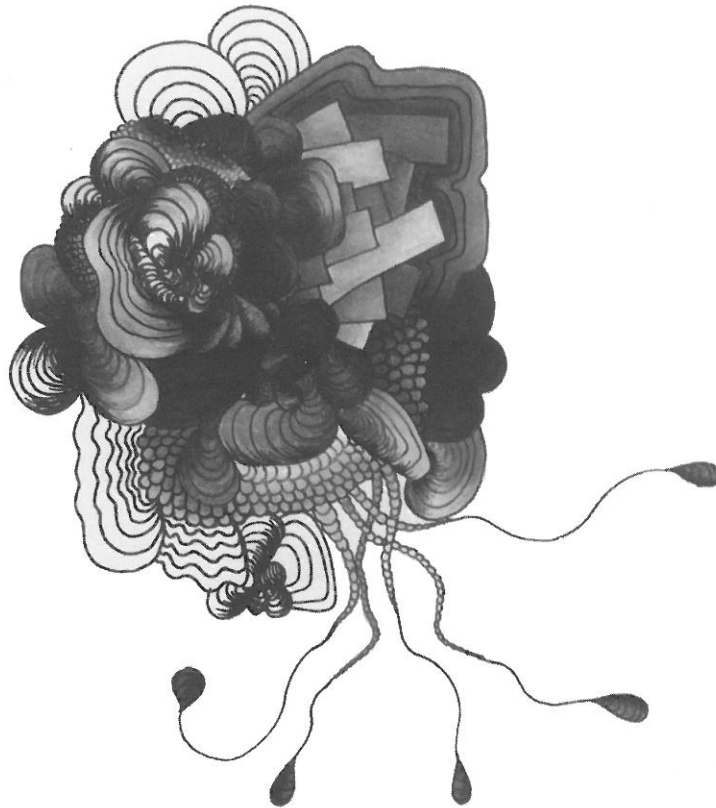
No longer will I
Look at couples and wish it was you and I,
Listen to sad songs because they remind me of us,
Text you at 3am wondering why you're gone,
Write and paint everything for you,
Let you take my happiness.

From now on I shall
Smile when you walk past,
Miss you, but not let it cripple me,

Experience new and exciting things,
Jump off cliffs, start fires,
Spend every moment like it's my last.

Thank you for letting me go.
It was the best way you ever could have
loved me.

Leann Kooi, *Interpretive Study Series: No. 1*, 8" x 6"



My Happy Place

Emily Turza

There exists
A big, beautiful library
Full of old books which
Fill the room with their warm,
Woody scent
With swooping arches
And tall windows
To let in the sunshine that streams through the red and orange leaves.

Soft, overstuffed benches rest beneath them
Deep like the nest of a bird and
The color of grass in late summer
Just before the rains come.

The thick, burgundy leather Bible
With its worn gold lettering
Sits atop the fragile glass that
Balances on the strong, intricate base of the end table
To remind me of Christmases past
When my father would gently take its leaves
in his large, coarse hands
And read to us the meaning of love
And hope.

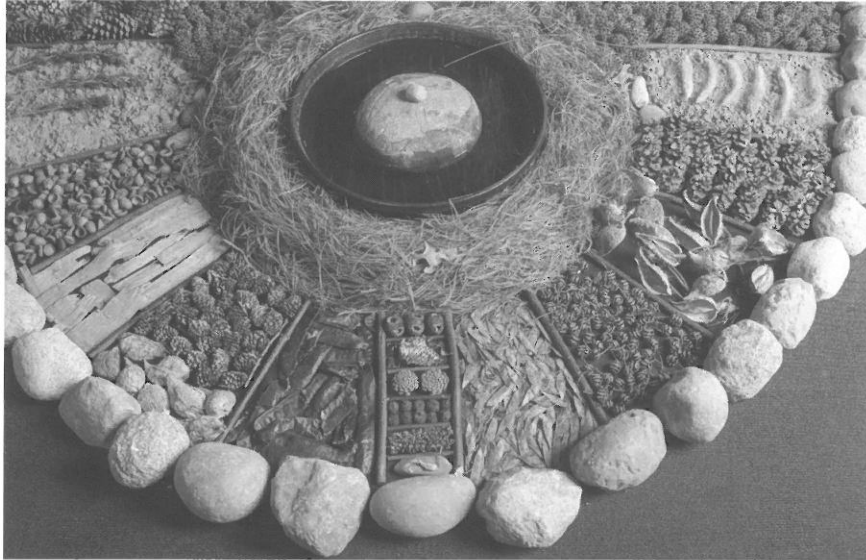
My great-grandmother's painting
of the mountains and the eagles

adorns the wall above
The wide brick fireplace
That chases out the autumn chill
Like a mother shoos her children off to school.

The thick, warm folds of a cream afghan lay sprawled on the sofa
Where I last wrapped up in the love knots that my mother's arthritic fingers wove
Listening to the sweet melodies of the bronzing gramophone
Looking up at the chandelier hanging in the rafters,
Spinning small points of light around the room.
Even into the dark, dusty corners of my mind.

Here is where I find solace from the harsh winds of reality.

Bonnie Zimmer, *Totem for Niches-Detail*



The Books of Us

Hannah Wallace

Maybe, one day, things will have changed.
Maybe the earth will soften and we won't be afraid.
Maybe the sun won't hide and we'll finally look
Up at the clouds emerging like a book.
Maybe, one day, we'll read each one we find,
But, as for today, we'll choose to hide.
We'll only read the title,
Ignoring the sublime.
We'll just look through the shelves;
We're terrified.
Love is our second language;
Judgement is our first.
Vulnerability is madness;
We're afraid to get hurt.
But don't we all want
Someone who loves our whole book?
Who reads our worst chapters
And isn't afraid to look
At each page we've torn out
But won't stop reading
Until they know all our secrets,
Every little meaning
And even then, they promise to stay,
Writing our story with us?
Maybe, one day,
Until then, my only wish

Is that every shelf you approach,
You see it as a gift.
You open each book and give it a chance.
I hope you read a few chapters,
I hope you get to the last.
If it isn't your favorite,
Put it gently on the shelf.
Remember each book—is unlike any else.
I hope you take every piece of every book and don't forget
That the beauty of seeing is life's greatest gift.
And so maybe, one day,
We'll open every book
We won't read the titles or take a second look.
We'll just trust the fact that
A book so great was made
And maybe, we will,
Maybe we'll do that one day.

The Cosmos

Kylie Hill

Ashes to Ashes,
Dust to Dust.
We return
As physical small particles
Mixed with the earth.

But we come from the cosmos,
Connected all as one.
We are stardust.
We are compacted
Into these human bodies,
With thoughts, emotions,
Synapses that fire,
Blood that circulates,
A heart that beats,
Until it all stops.
And then we return,
To ash, or to dust,
Everyone at their own pace,
But we all break down,
Into pure stardust,
Just as we began.

And to the cosmos we return.
For stardust floats back,
Up into the universe.
There, we can be whole again.

Meghan Hennessey, *Red Hearld*, 18" x 24"



Not In That Way

Katie Davisson

Marjorie sat in the coffee shop with her winter hat still on her head and the collar of her jacket pulled up so it covered her neck. Lemon and ginger wafted from the ceramic mug in her hands. The place was notorious for their large cups, this one navy blue with light pink polka dots. Her fingers gripped the sides, hoping the warmth from it would shake the feeling growing in her stomach.

She was about halfway through the cup when the door of the shop rang, signaling that someone had just entered. Before she could help it, Marjorie looked up. It was a young man with hair that curled just slightly at the tips. It was cut short and gelled to the side. He wore a black coat that buttoned on the right and a scarf that wrapped around his face.

Marjorie watched as he ordered. He seemed to know exactly what he wanted, paying quickly then smiling at the barista and nodding as she handed him his change. Then he walked over to the bakery window and examined the muffins. Feeling a smile tug at the corners of her mouth, Marjorie forced herself to look away from the young man.

She attempted to busy herself, pulling her collar further up and her hat down to her brow. Rifling through her bag she pulled out her latest book, flipping open to the dog-eared page. She had read the same paragraph seven times when she heard his voice.

"Marjorie?" he asked, taking the few strides over to her.

She could feel the way he said her name deep inside of her. It wrapped around her stomach and gripped tightly. Images of moonlight and hazel eyes filled her mind. Sweaty bodies, Christmas lights, skin on skin, her name said in that same voice, but in such a different way. She struggled to push those memories away quickly. Feeling suddenly lightheaded, she looked up.

"Oh, hey, Nate."

He studied her for a moment, and she couldn't help but pull her sleeves down a bit further. "How have you been?" he asked finally, with a slight sigh.

"I'm all right," she answered.

There was silence for a few more moments and Marjorie began to feel that familiar lump rise in her throat. She raised her tea to her lips, sipping, in the hopes of drowning the feeling for good. The tea was warm and tried to reach deep into her, but it wasn't hot enough to thaw anything important.

With sad eyes he said, "I miss you."

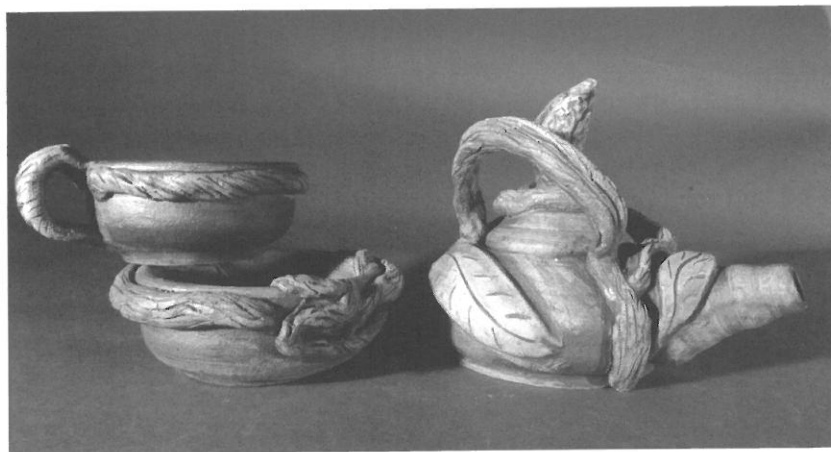
She took another sip of tea. "I know."

He looked down, shook his head, then turned to leave. Marjorie felt relief overwhelm her, but too soon. With a quick spin, he said, "You know, I loved you."

The ball was coming back up, she swallowed trying to simply keep it at bay. She kept steady with his eyes and replied, "I know. Just not the right way."

Realizing he had nothing else to say, the young man turned and exited the coffee shop. Marjorie stood and walked to the bathroom. The feeling was back, the lump persisting and threatening to come up. She kept it at bay just long enough so that she could close the door.

Carla Luzadder, *Nature Tea Pot*



Shadow Status

Michael Steinhour

Always sand along the grain.
Lest your borrowed boys be marred by disdain.
One artisan creates while another destroys.
But in your workshop hearts are toys.

There are band saws and hammers, a furnace too.
On this particular table you slave, turning the screw.
Prototypes and plans, sordid perfection sought.
Require your captors to be something they are not.

Here lies the mold that shaped me,
Bent bones until they snapped, setting blood free.
I cringe at the wet slap of mop meeting floor.
Memories sluiced into a bucket, strained and dissolved no more.

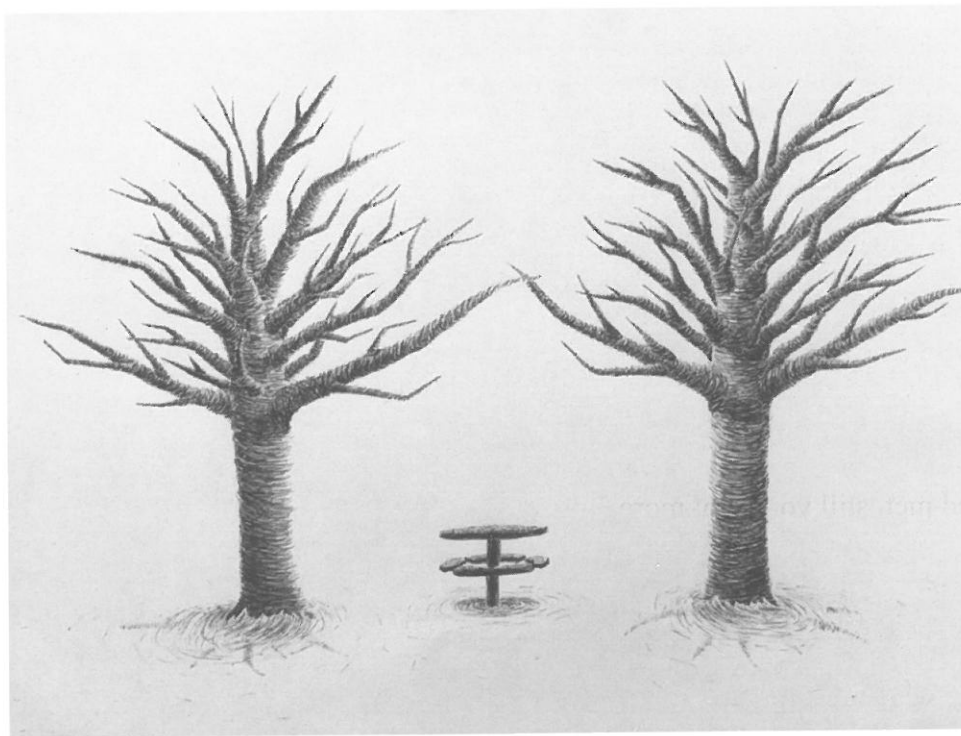
Once I approached you as a friend.
Oh blissful ignorance, I never predicted this end.
Every need met, still you want more.
Now your dirty little secret lies twisted and broken on a garage floor.

Take heed for there's a lesson here to be learned.
When denied status one partner is irrevocably spurned.
White knights bleed red like all the rest.
Bang the dents from their armor and patch the holes in their chests.

He who lives behind the scenes

Is forever trapped in waking dreams.
For sometimes the damsel in distress
Is in reality holding the dragon captive in its own nest.

Anthony Majewski, *The Guardians*, 18" x 24"



More You than Me

John D. Groppe

You hand her to me, our child, my gift to you.

“She’s yours too,” you said.

She is more you than me.

Riding within you wherever you went,

feeding through you,

your breath, her breath,

your blood surging through her,

her heart surging it back,

your voice, her voice—

she was more intimate with you

than I can ever be.

Still, she embraces me as you do,

and her own blood surging from her heart,

she grows into her own voice.

We smile at her—your gift to me—

and she embraces us with her own smile.

Max

Christina O'Connell

I didn't like you.

I wanted you gone and out of my life.

You were a mutt, a scoundrel,

but I was stuck with you.

You left stains on the carpet,

destroyed the couch with your big, solid body.

You decorated the house with hair

and painted the windows with grotesque saliva.

But I loved it.

You wormed your way into my heart

and left your paw prints there.

You walked by my side and

listened to every word.

Your long, wet tongue covered my face,

and your warm body was a heater when I was cold.

You were there to comfort me

and you clawed at my room

to be let in.

I still can't move on from you.

I wanted to ask, did you die happy?

Was it as hard for you to leave me as it

was as hard for me to say goodbye

to you?

Won't Hold My Breath

Adam Crook

There's something wrong with me.
There must be. I can't breathe and I
feel absolutely nothing.
Not the numb feeling that I've become so
accustomed to. It's more like . . .
I don't feel it.

You're gone right now and I feel nothing.
No sadness, regret, hurt, nothing.
The day goes on.
I'll never see you again. Maybe again someday.
Hopefully, but I won't hold my breath for it.

You were never there for me in the past,
now you could be there for me down the path.
But I won't hold my breath because
if I do, I'll only pass out.

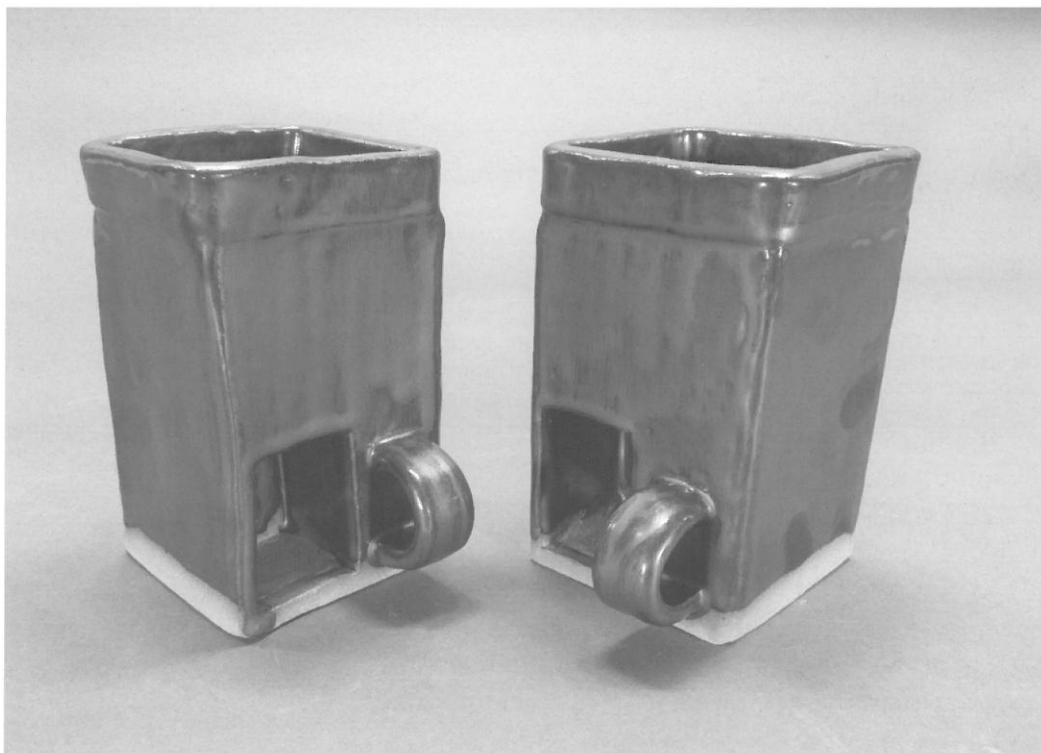
I loved you from the moment that I knew you,
and you said you loved me too. But actions are
louder than words, and yours were completely
silent. So I won't hold my breath.

When I had to say goodbye to you, I had to
show feelings that I really didn't have. And I
felt bad because I felt sick. Sick because I was

lying. Saying things that I didn't feel, didn't
Believe. You're gone and I don't feel anything.

You wanna' know the worst part about all of it?
Now that I have let you go, I can release
that breath that I've been holding.

Judy Cummings, *Twin Cups*



Cafuné

Katie Davisson

Did you know there's a word for
the act of running hands through
the hair of someone you love?

It's called cafuné.

It's a Brazilian word, one of the few
that no one ever bothered to
translate into English.

I wonder if they have a word to describe
having the memories of running my
hands through your hair and still feeling
the way it was soft at the roots, then coarser
at the ends, even when it's not actually there.

Nothing is there . . .

not your hair, not even you.

secrets

Hannah Wallace

hidden in the pages
discovered through time
seen within these words
and every subtle rhyme

written here

as the months have passed
they soon turn to years
from now
I'm not sure where we'll be

It's not that that I miss you
It's not that I don't
It's not that I need you
It's not that I won't

It's just within these secrets
I've kept from myself
pushed you out for so long
but the ice now begins to melt

I was numb to your existence
for the longest time
but Fall is arriving
and I can't help but try

to remember the days
of leaves beneath our feet
of each fall each spring
and winters so sweet

we fell with the leaves
and fell with the snow
I had no idea this past winter
I would have to let you go

and sometimes I wonder
when you see these words
if you'll think of mornings
we'd wake
only you and I in the world

make a cup of coffee
enough for two
I'd dance around in your t-shirt
twirling through the room

then you'd pull me to your arms
so close to your heart
knowing at that moment
we'd never be apart

you'd laugh and I'd smile
because we both knew
I'm not much of a dancer
but I did it for you

you see it's these moments
that bring me back
and make me wonder if our love
was meant for more than the past

all the little things
that can often be forgotten
like when you said the thought of forever
with me
is one to get lost in

the little notes we'd leave
and the letters we'd write
or when the clock struck two
at the café that night

or the other café
where the old man bought our meal
because of how in love we were
he could see it was real

and maybe you think of me
when you hear Taylor Swift
maybe those songs bring you back
to the first time we kissed

that night when the stars
were shining just right
we walked out to your car
and stood under the streetlight

it was there we danced
and I remember the exact spot
I remember the look in your eyes
you loved me so much

I remember that morning
on the grass behind the park
I had never been so happy
just listening to your heart

and lastly I can't forget
the night you looked at me and said
"two-twenty, forever,
you're my best friend."

but I know you've moved on
we've gone on our ways
except sometimes I wish
you just could've stayed

because lately these moments
are all coming back
and I don't know why
but

I can remember your laugh

I can remember so much
but what I can't seem to grasp
is why we gave up

on a love so strong
invincible and true
I know you have changed
but I have too

and so I wonder why I write this
since eight months passed
I suppose I think you'll read it
and maybe you'd come back

not because I need you
perhaps it's just to see
if the love between us
was truly meant to be

but when I think of what I've written
for you throughout time
your silence on the other end
says you really meant goodbye

so I'd like to take this time
with all the words written here
to thank you for the time we spent—
an unforgettable four years

and if your eyes ever stumble
upon this page you'll see
a secret I've left

For, you
Love, me

Patience Keen, *Family Ties*



Practicing Being Alone

Kertney Brozyna

Not very large,
my hands wore it like a glove,

with a binding thick enough for me to enter it
and climb into the fantasy where

I could lean against the book and practice being alone.

One day, I heard the sound before I saw him, his voice
darkening the house.

Sitting with the book clutched to my chest, trying not to move a muscle,
I heard him raging at her, and I was content,

listening to it happen without it happening to me.

Line-at-a-time Poems

During Homecoming, we asked students and alumni to create poems by writing a single line and adding on to what others had written.

Enchanted Flowers

Enchanted flowers grow on the highway:
Such beauty we see before us!
All the colors of the rainbow,
Dancing through the field
As we speed down the
By-ways, the billowing
Colors of wildflowers
Star America's highways.

Janene Rachert
Amy Southworth

Sherry Romine-Urbanski '11

Saturday Cartoons

On Saturdays, we watched cartoons:
A respite from the weekly world,
But on Monday we watched the news,
Bringing us back into the grueling routine.
Maybe the news should be cartoons,
Where the bad guys get caught
And the good prevail.
Or perhaps combine the
Two and have Anderson Cooper
Interview the Justice League.

Ben Sponseller '74
Nicholas Skwarcian
Kylie Hill
Laura Wagner
Gloria Leonard

Michael Steinhour

Invisible

Antonia Thomas

She's that transparent girl
You think you know her, but you don't.
Maybe she has it all together
But inside she's a bomb waiting to explode.
Yeah, she has a few choosers and chasers
But is that fulfilling?

She's that Tumblr girl
She's ideal and open to interpretation
Yeah, she's the modernized traditional girl
She's the tease every guy wants
Is she drunk? Isn't it Friday?
A few drinks & she's lifted.

She's the innocent one.
Can you see past the baby face & smile?
She's stuck and overwhelmed with pleasing everyone.
The idea of what if's can eat her alive,
But she can handle it all
And she's cookie cutter perfect

She's the girl that scares them away.
Fear of getting hurt leaves her broken.
She's the girl with too much ambitions
The girl without love as her drug.
She chooses to stay sober

She breathes but is she really living?

She's that girl with the eyes that show more.
They show desire yet integrity
She loves to keep harmony and peace
It's a small world so watch out for the body count
The body count isn't just sex, but with whom you connect.
But she doesn't see that.

She's the girl who's unseen and unheard.
Keeps her mouth shut to stop the attention
She's drowning and nobody sees it.
The girl that's crying out yet still silent.
Can you see the girl no one else sees?
Can you see the girl no one else can be?

Can he see that?
He walks past like she's a reflection of nothingness.
She no longer exists
She gets butterflies and she's surprised every time
Oh my, why is she so surprised?
His eyes,
They draw her in and she's left with nothing.

She's left with emptiness
She loses herself when she's with him
With him? No when she's around him,
When she sees him
When she hears him
When his name is brought up

She can't speak and can't form sentences
Her mind goes blank and then she's invisible.
Who makes her invisible?
He does, no she does, no they both do!
She's transparent and so subtle
Her appearance screams, "Take me away!"
But can you see her?
No because you made her invisible.

Ryan Postma, *Octopus Sculpture*



Dad and I

Patrick McElwain

CHEZ 106 had just started its Queen block- the a cappella open to Fat Bottomed Girls chorused from behind us. We turned down the radio a bit. Neil and my grandfather had already gone to their rooms, and my cousin Michael was asleep on his cot in the kitchen. Dad and I sat at the table by the woodstove, a chilly Canadian breeze whisking through the porch door. We looked very much like ourselves- open flannel jackets, the same goatee, Crown Royal in hand. The table, strewn with baguette crumbs, paper plates, empty bottles, and cookie boxes, sported only one lit candle, directly between us. He set his Crown down, sniffed, and adjusted his glasses that reflected off the candle, showing his auburn hair.

“So Buck- your last year is coming up.”

I picked up a baguette crumb and rubbed its rough texture to dust. “Yes sir,” I smiled

“Excited? Ready to be done?”

“Yeah. I really am.”

He smiled and reached for a box of maple cookies- the kind in the shape of a leaf. Its smell filled the entire place with that of pancake breakfasts. I took one too. He then proceeded to dip his cookie in to his tumbler, and threw the sopping biscuit into his mouth. He started to point and laugh. Not to be outdone, I thrust my cookie into my own drink, and ate that just the same. Genius. It tasted like heaven; indescribably magnificent. The burning of the whiskey and the sweet cookie flavors combined perfectly. That could have been because we were both drunk and didn’t care, but I like to think that it was a new tasty discovery.

At the time, I couldn’t believe what I was seeing or doing. How could he, my old and tired dad, come out of nowhere like that? If he were ten years younger, maybe. But certainly not now. I wondered why he was still awake. Was it because he wanted to listen to Queen that badly? Did he want to talk? I couldn’t tell. He continued to laugh, and then

started to reminisce, as he so often does, “Can’t get this at home, Buck.”

He was right. This was our only time really alone together all year for the past decade or so- a sacred period to us when he and I get to escape into the wilderness. Even if the pike weren’t biting, or if it was blowing a gale on the lakes, every day we spent up there was meant with the same optimism that only he and I shared. This time was different, though. He turned a bit more serious. He asked that damned question- the bane of every soon-to-be-graduate’s existence- “So what are you doing after school?”

I knew I should have given him the generic press conference answer. That would’ve been the smart thing to do. But for some reason, I looked him in the eye and said plainly, “Not a fucking clue.” It was coming. The storm- the drunken lecture of how I’m a bum. The same lecture I’d heard for the last 8 years. I braced myself.

I was surprised by his reaction- a smile. “No worries, my boy. You’ll figure it out. I did.”

Wow. His boy. That’s one I hadn’t heard in a long time. I’d been treated like an adult for most of my life, but at that moment, when grey eyes met brown, it was hard to distinguish whose were whose.

Goblets, Ryan Postma



On Walls

Wesley Hutson

Walls?

You talk to me of walls?

Like a castle, they guard the most valuable of treasures.

They serve to keep out, but they must also keep in.

I remember a world without walls.

It was a free and beautiful world,

But then beasts came from the sky.

They were my friends . . .

Weren't they?

They hurt me.

But they were my friends.

Why did they hurt me?

I needed an escape.

So I built my first wall,

Solid, and safe.

Then they found a way around,

I needed a new wall.

These beasts were cunning though.

Soon, I was safe within four walls.

I was relieved.

But then I looked up.

The sky was blocked.

I tried to climb up to see my world,

But my walls served their purpose well.

I learned in time that the gray stone was necessary,

A safeguard from the beasts outside.

Years passed.
I heard a sound from above.
It was a girl,
Beautiful and smart and funny and serene.
Her smile reminded me of the sun.
I had not seen the sun in so long.
I desperately tried to climb once more,
To race up the walls and join her above the canopy.
But I was too weak to reach.
Her smile faded,
And she tried to reach for me.
But my walls were too tall.
She tried to reach me into the night,
But it was all in vain.
Her smile became sad.
I could only bear tears of frustration.
A new voice came over the wall.
The girl looked out, and the sun returned to her face.
She disappeared, and I knew she would not return.
For walls offer nothing but pity.
Rage.
Disappointment.
A prison.

Heartshot

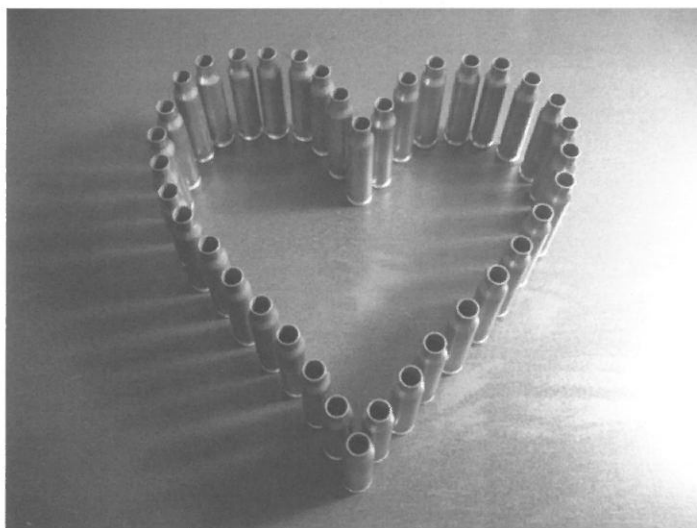
James Kile

Deadly beauty
Painful feelings
Hollow remnants
Empty casings

Controlled chaos
Directed destruction
Explicit emotion
Lonely leftovers

The forceful hit
The deep felt wound
The hurting body
The hurting soul

Ryan Postma, *Empty Heart*, 8" x 10"



Bonnie Zimmer, *Totem for Niches-Detail*, 13' x 8' x 10'



Ghosts of the Joe

Jon Nichols

I don't mean to upset you. I don't mean to cause you undue distress.

But if the idle chatter of our friends is correct (and c'mon, why wouldn't it be?) then all of us live in, go to class in, and work in Spooky Central. That's right. If popular conception is truth (and after all, that's how it works in politics, so why not here?) then Saint Joe is one haunted campus.

A bit of background first. I am a faculty member at Saint Joseph's College, but I am also a graduate. No, I will not tell you what year I graduated as I am trying to convince myself that I'm not that old and that I still have ample time to live before I become yet another ghost on campus. As is the case with most college students, I had a habit of staying up into the wee hours of the night. It was during those times, whether they were in a dorm room in Merlini Hall, a study break while preparing for a final, or the sloppy aftermath of tying one on at Core XI, that I had first heard of or experienced the stories I am about to tell you. Each time I heard them, I was assured every word was true. I'll let you decide that for yourself. For without further prologue, I give you . . . "Ghosts of the Joe."

If you want to experience a St. Joe ghost (and let's face it, who doesn't?), one place you may wish to try is Drexel Hall. Drexel is that building in the trees across the street from campus. In my day, it was not the refurbished office building that you now know. This Drexel was dilapidated and looked like it would crumble back into the earth at any given time. It was rumored that any student caught skulking through the ruins of this building would be automatically expelled. It was also rumored that the first brothers and priests who established the college built Drexel Hall on a plot of land once held sacred by local Native American tribes—so sacred that they chose to bury their dead in that ground.

Expulsion . . . desecrated Indian burial ground. Our options carefully weighed, my boys and I headed out for Drexel. It had been raining and the air was dense with

moisture, causing light to reflect amongst the fog. There's a radio tower down the road from Drexel, one that has the customary red lights along its scaffold. These lights bathed the façade of the old building in bloody hues. Through the branches of dead trees you could see the broken windows of hundred year-old Drexel. H.P. Lovecraft could not have asked for a better setting for one of his horror novels.

We went inside, flashlights at the ready. Paint peeled from the walls, concrete crumbled to the floor both in rocky clumps and a fine powder. The whole place smelled of mold and bat droppings. How do I know what bat droppings smell like? Let's just say I that I do. Anyway, aside from the occasional weak floorboard and the haunted house atmosphere, the exploration of the empty, decaying building was uneventful, almost to a disappointing degree.

Then we entered the attic. In the beam of our flashlights, we could see a circle of old schoolhouse chairs, giving the impression that we just walked into someone's living room. Something sat in the center of the circle. Painting the object with one of our lights, we saw an animal skull. Don't ask me what animal. I'm not a biologist.

"What's that?" one of my friends asked.

Flashlights converged on the wall. Someone had hand-scrawled "rigorous mortem" in a dripping, red fluid (of course it was red, any self-respecting scary-guy wasn't going to write "rigorous mortem" in teal or mauve). Was it blood? Paint? Cherry Kool-Aid? I still can't say for certain because we were too preoccupied with the question at hand. Was this the result of a few townie kids screwing around or was it a legitimate satanic altar? A rattle in the rafters convinced us not to find out. The noise was probably just a bird or a bat, but that didn't mean I wasn't about to soil myself anyway. We ran downstairs and exited the building, only to be greeted by a vision far more terrifying, far more gut-wrenching than any spook, specter, or ghost.

It was the Saint Joe security truck, headlights bright and blazing up the driveway. My college career flashed before my eyes. My friends and I ran for the empty cornfield behind Drexel and dove headfirst into the mud and stayed flat. Lucky for me, I was a big metalhead at the time and was dressed head to toe in black, allowing me to blend into both the night and the ground. The security officer swept a flashlight through the area and

then chose to drive on. I would not be brought to the academic vice president after all. That was an especially good thing for at the time. I would have had to address the man with “Hi, Dad.”

Those kinds of nightmare scenarios play on my mind for, as a writer, I tend to be a sensitive sort. For example, I don’t take rejection very well. Neither do actors. One actor at the Joe might have had more trouble with rejection than any of us. I acted with the Colombian Players theater troupe and was told that there was once a student actor who frantically wanted a lead role in a play. This student did not receive his desired part.

The director offered mere mutterings of *qué será será* to the student and then went on about the business of blocking the play. The following morning, as students approached the auditorium for Core lecture, they heard an unusual sound. Something like “creeeek, creeeek.” Upon opening the auditorium doors, they found the source of the noise. The actor had hung himself from the lighting rig of the stage. His dead form swung back and forth like a pendulum on a grandfather clock. The powerful and distraught emotions involved with suicide are said to trap spirits at the site of their deaths. It is said that you can still see the ghost of this student in the auditorium on nights when there’s a show, walking up and down the back aisles, sometimes pointing and giving directions to the actors. I’ve never been able to get any solid evidence of this story, but it didn’t stop me from wondering, “If I look up while I’m on stage, will I see this ghostly form telling me I have my character’s motivation all wrong? Just what I need. A critique from beyond the grave.”

Like I said, Saint Joe is full of these stories, a few more sensational than others. Take the legend of Third Floor Aquinas. It is said that a student who once lived there became fascinated with the occult. The manifestations of this interest took on the form of reading eldritch and arcane lore, experimenting with the Ouija board and collecting idols and statuary from primal cultures in Africa. What happened next is subject to a wide range of treatment.

In one bland version of the tale, this student went to a campus priest. The Puma complained that he was “hearing voices” and engaging in “automatic writing” (that alleged occurrence where a person’s hand begins writing on its own without direction).

The written words are often ghoulish and sanguinary. The young man feared that he was undergoing demonic possession and asked the priest for a blessing. The priest gave a quick blessing and that was pretty much the end of it.

On the other end of spectrum, I have heard about a whole team of Precious Blood priests going into that boy's Aquinas dorm room and finding the air frigid, the smell putrid, and the student's demeanor unsettling. I'm talking his head twisting around and pea soup vomit spewing from his mouth. The valiant priests began the Catholic rite of exorcism and four hours later saved the day. If you have a priest as a professor now, or ever have one in the future, I want you to imagine him holding a spastic student down while flicking holy water and shouting "The power of Christ compels you!" Or maybe you've already seen this in class, I don't know.

Obviously there is a big difference between those versions of the story. Who to believe? Can any of these supposed spectral tales be true? Well, I can only relate all that I've heard and what little I've seen. In regard to the latter, I will leave you with one "encounter" of my own.

It was the Friday before Little 500 weekend. As a sophomore, I participated in a pre-dawn black ops mission, the likes of which would not be seen again until the SEAL raid on the bin Laden compound. As the sun came up over the Joe, my friends and I undertook the daring operation of bringing the alcohol needed for Little 5 into Merlini Hall before security could see us. We had to move fast. Many people were counting on us.

We had a keg of beer to bring in. OK, we had a couple of kegs of beer to bring in. They hung heavy between us as we gripped the metal handles while trying to open the door to the dorm. My thumb got caught and a stinging pain throbbed in my hand. I yelped. Someone else dropped a keg on the sidewalk, sending out a thud and the scraping of steel against concrete. Needless to say, our "noise discipline" was in need of improvement.

As I tried to prop the door open with my left foot, I looked over towards the chapel. An old man was walking past the doors and towards the reflecting pond. I assumed he was a priest for two reasons: one, let's face it, most old men on campus

at that time were priests. And two, he wore a long white wrap that looked as if it were made of fleece or wool, but it almost gave him the appearance of wearing vestments. Additionally, he had a red scarf wrapped around his neck that trailed behind him. His hair was jet black and his skin a pale, sickly white, almost as white as the poncho. He turned his head at the sound of the dropped keg and looked at us. A pair of dark glasses obscured his eyes.

Then it got weird. This strange old man, out at the crack of dawn for a stroll while no one else was around, drew his lips back and bared his teeth at us with a sneer. Even from that distance I could see his gritted incisors, looking like a posturing carnivore. I even imagined a cat-like hiss coming with the gesture. The old man then turned away and walked out of sight while we went about the business of carrying in our booze before the RA's or Father Tim McFarland were roused from their beds.

The thing is, I had a lifelong familiarity with Saint Joe's by that time. I even knew the priests by name, and that was a man I had never seen before. What's more, I never saw him again. Who was he? While taking an early morning walk is not especially peculiar, what accounted for his grim visage? I mean, at that time of day, only a drunk man or a vampire would . . . I better stop right there.

If you ask me now or in my office who this man was, I will tell you that he was likely a priest staying in Schweiterman, visiting for the weekend or simply a clergyman whose tenure at Saint Joe was so brief that I never got a chance to meet him. While this college is a small one, it's still tough to know every clergy, faculty, or staff.

But if you ask me outside when the shades of twilight fall on campus, or at night when the light twists shadows in strange ways and the grotto looks just too ominous to walk through, I might have a different answer.

Those are the times when ghost stories don't seem so far-fetched after all.

Ghosts of Saint Joe

Erich Davies

2

4

Fl.

Sop. Sax.

Mrcs.

Taiko D.

Tub. B.

Choir

Org.

Ped.

Pad 1

FX 4

FX 6

FX 7

Contributors 2015-2016

Cameron Adams: I started writing because when I was younger I enjoyed traveling through the many worlds that I read about. I went through adventures in Narnia, went to school at Hogwarts, and the traveled to different places with the Baudelaire orphans, and had a lot of other enjoyable adventures. Eventually I decided to create some of my own worlds for others to explore and experience. I write under the penname, Adam Crook.

Caitlyn Barnes: I am greatly inspired in my work by things that make you question the world around you. The things that hide in the dark and what we judge based on what society considers normal.

Rachel Bartz

Sarah Beetz

Ashley R Brinkman: My art is inspired by my travels and nature, but I use abstraction to creat a dreamscape. When I write, I'm insprired by the people I encounter.

Kertney Brozyna: While writing my poems, I focus on writing about situations I'm dealing with and sometimes how I overcome those difficult times. Writing helps me escape the reality of life and try to help myself and others going through similar circumstances.

Alyssa Cook: I love poetry that sparks my imagination and evokes my senses, so that is what I aspire to write. Every now and then my writing reflects that aspiration.

Corey Crum: Why does the grass need to be green, the sky blue? Why should humans walk on two legs within Art, or why should they walk at all? These are the types of questions that keep me up at night, and this painting is one example of my attempt to answer such unanswered questions.

Judy Cummings

Erich Davies: I was inspired to write “Ghosts of Saint Joe” after I overheard a conversation about a Halloween themed poetry slam. The whole piece took roughly 3-4 weeks to compose. This represents all the ghosts and spirits of the college wandering on forever in a boundless realm of nothingness. Movements include “The Awakening,” “The Priest,” “The Baby,” “Drexel Hall,” and “The Spirits.”

Katie Davisson: I couldn’t decide whether to be a writer or an artist, so I decided to do both. My work is my life, and my life is my work; one does not exist without the other.

Thomas Day: To write poetry is to try and condense as much meaning as one can into words. They crack and fall apart, words often fail, but to write is to live, and such an art reflects the nature of the human condition. Or, I’m just being pretentious. Either/or.

Lexi Fields

Karen Gramajo: Poetry soothes my happiest thoughts as words splatter hard on paper. Art, for me is a madman. It chases me to the nooks and crannies of my head and without it... I die a little.

John Groppe: “At the River” is one of a series I have written that stems from my study in Israel and my readings in the history of the period in which Jesus lived. I hope to provide some historical context to the gospel stories by viewing events from the perspective of one who is not a major player in the gospels.

Joe Haberlin: I was asked why I do what I do and the simple answer is I love creating art. It is the whole process of coming up with an idea, what am I going to use to bring that idea to life, and bringing that idea out of my head to show the world.

Ed Habrowski: I have been associated with SJC for 50 years, and I hope to share more stories from when I was a student, about SJC in future issues of Measure.

Maia Hawthorne: I write to pay attention.

Meghan Hennessey: I enjoy incorporating aspects of my own life and the things that I love into my artwork, whether literature, drawing, or painting. Through my artwork I hope to offer a window into who I am and what I love.

Pam Heuser

Kylie Hill: I have always loved the way a poem or a story sews together words into sentences to create vivid image or to make me feels what the character or narrator is feeling. When I write, I hope to create for readers the emotions and pictures of what I am feeling and seeing in the poem or story I am composing.

Samantha Hoyt: I write to let the monsters out.

Jade Hurst: Most of my artwork revolves around the dark side of my life, because that side is not shown to very many people. I almost always keep my emotions to myself in fear of losing the people I love, so I express them through my artwork. This allows other people to interpret what a piece means. They could see the real meaning, or they could make it into their own story to avoid all the dark emotions that may remind them of their own sadness.

Wesley Hutson: “On Walls” is a piece I wrote after someone asked if we ever adapt to our walls. The piece tells of how we erect walls to shield us from the world and its monsters, but walls also cut you off and prevent someone from truly living, even when it’s time to move on.

Jennifer Kearney: I am an artist that photographs the seconds, you capture the feeling, and we remember the moment.

Patience Keen: My family inspires me. They are the core of how I feel about everything. My pieces are also influenced by nature and the environment.

Charley Kerlin: Challenge: Charley, can you write something for us about Bonnie Zimmer? Charley: Sure.

James Kile: I use my writing to solidify my ever evolving creative ideas into a fixed final product. My submission was an attempt to portray the similarities between heartbreak and a bullet wound.

Leann Kooi: This series is defined by the undefined features of figures who have no name. You can see yourself, or anyone of your choosing, in these images. We all put on a mask, an outward appearance, which everyone sees. Inside, however, there screams a different story, that no one, not even yourself at times, can see.

Gloria Leonard: Most of my work is inspired by someone or an event-- it reflects where I’m at emotionally and mentally. I like to think my best work comes when I’m very much in love or torn to pieces.

Carla Ludazzer: I enjoy creating many different kind of art. My goal for most of my artwork is to create something that is aesthetically pleasing and interesting to the viewer.

Anthony Majewski: I get the majority of my inspiration from viewing other great works of art and imagining how I can put my individual artistic spin on them. I have found in the last year that the potters wheel is very relaxing and is an instrument that I can simply sit at and get lost in my work. My ceramic works have become a passion of mine that helps me express myself in a completely new way and create beautiful works of art.

Kim McClaughry

Patrick McElwain: My writing aims to entertain with humor and sentimentality; something everyone can get.

Vivian Myers: When I write I feel most inspired by the world around me and my family. These were written my Junior in high school and I've edited them up until now.

Jon Nichols: Among my goals as a writer are to convey true stories in a manner that reveals them as every bit as engaging and fantastic as fiction can be. Of course many of the stories I told here in my Measure piece aren't true...or are they?

Christina O'Connell: When my dog Max died from a hard battle with cancer, my heart broke. It was one of the worst times of my life and I will forever cherish the memories I had with him. Writing allows me to share those memories and experiences, and that is one of my favorite elements of poetry.

Ryan Postma

Samantha Rains: My piece is titled “What Has Come to Pass.” The figure is meant to invite the viewer alongside him into the dream landscape and contemplate what choices could have been made to lead up to such a moment.

Chelle Robertson: As a poet, what’s inside me is a spiritual “crockpot.” I live life in moments as they unfold, paying close attention to details, head and heart. Each feeling, observation, oddity, is thrown into my pot and it cooks. When the Spirit moves, the poem proves ready to be “served,” and I am compelled to write it. This poem was actually written 10 years ago. I’m heartened Measure has given me the chance to finally share it with the world!

Mark Seely: Civilized life inverts reality in such a way that the truly important things are forced into the background and overshadowed by alienating distractions. My writing is largely an angry and desperate reaction to this.

Joshua D. Smith: My ideas about painting have always been very traditional. This series is about breaking my rules. Combining multiple mediums, leaving white space, and splattering paint as a way to move beyond what I thought my art had to look like.

Michael Steinhour: I write about Love and Heartache, or as I view them, the day and night of human existence. I believe much of human history is entwined in the joys and sorrows of the human condition, and I hope that through my writing I can create a negative space through which we can come together to discuss and evaluate the true nature and shape of social forces such as Love and Heartache.”

Antonia Thomas: The good times and the bad times are why I write. I love to find different ways to express how I feel and inspire others through music and poetry. I just want to tell my story.

Emily Turza: I am mainly a free-verse poet who writes about my story, other people's stories, and those of complete fiction. I believe everyone has a story and that story is worth telling.

Hannah Wallace: I remember the first time I was inspired to write. It was on an incredible day when I began thinking about how we all have these significant moments in our lives. From that point on, I realized the times that define who we are can be surprisingly tragic or astonishingly beautiful. And so I wrote about those moments for me, and what I found is that through the vulnerability of writing and remembering, these times in our lives become all the more meaningful.

Bonnie Zimmer: Nearly all of my work is created with natural and found materials "harvested" from the fields, woods and roadsides near my rural home. By limiting myself to local objects and materials to which I have a deep connection, I've discovered my ideal media for exploring my sense of place and finding meaning. My work is informed by a number of influences including my background in textiles and Native American Basket makers with their exquisite baskets and reverence for nature. My work also references our material culture and our attitudes about nature and our resources and invites viewers to take a closer look at what we (over) consume and carelessly discard.

The background is a complex, layered texture of dark teal, forest green, and navy blue. It has a painterly, almost wood-grain-like quality with vertical streaks and horizontal bands of color. The lighting is uneven, with brighter areas in the center and darker, more saturated tones towards the edges.

2015-2016

Cover Art by Ashley R Brinkman